





MILADY IN BROWN

YEARBOOK OF

BELMONT COLLEGE

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



VOLUME IX

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE

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Deep within the heart of every loyal Belmont girl there lingers, like a lasting fragrance, the memory of her Belmont days. Deep within her soul still echoes the old college bell, and ever in her life the echo and the memory dwell.



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Dedication

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To Our Principals
Miss Idn F. Piood and Miss Susan L. Heron
whose kindness of heart, gentleness of manner,
and loving care have led as upward
on the footpaths of
peace

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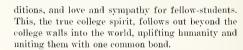
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In view of past editions of the Belmont College Annual, and in anticipation of the future publications, we present "Milady in Brown of 1912." Her introduction is not with overconfidence, but we who have seen her development cannot but feel a joy and pride in her completion. It is not strange that we who know her best should love her most.

"College spirit" is perhaps one of the most misinterpreted phrases common in college life. Generally understood, "college spirit" is to wave your college colors and shout; and in the instance of college girls, the shout degenerates into a screech. There is another type of college spirit. It is firm support, determination to live up to the college tra-



What is an ideal? Have you ever stopped to think what it is, and that each of us is the sole possessor of one, whether or not we are conscious of its existence? It is the cultivation of ideals that instills personality and individuality into humanity. Deep within the life of every being there is a divine seed. The slender, white hand of the ideal tends and fosters it, until lo! when earth slips away and we stand in the pure, white light of all that is holy, it is not we ourselves, but the cherished ideal.

MABLE ROBERTA BROWN.



DR. IRA LANDRITH
PRESIDENT OF BELMONT COLLEGE



MISS HOOD



MISS HERON



Introduction

When reading this volume in some later year, If Life's not as rosy as her morning seems here, Should castles fear wrecking and dreams prove less real, Follow this guide and to yesterday steal.

Think of the ideal you were looking to then,
Of the plans and the dreams and the fancies, when,
Looking anxiously on to the goal of to-morrow,
That time seemed all brightness with scarcely a sorrow.

FLORENCE HOPE SEIPPEL.









Effie Wooten Oklahoma

A little person? Yes, but so was Napoleon. As busy as a bee, morning, noon, and night she hurries around for the Blue and Bronze, and to further the interests of her Senior Class; no President could do better. Never loath to do her duty, no matter how hard it is on herself, or other people; always on the alert to know where she is most needed, she daily proves that "the most precious things are done up in small packages."



Sybil Loewenberg Louisiana

Sybil hails originally from Louisiana, but she has been in Belmont so long that the date of her arrival has escaped the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Like the Belmont traditions, though, she grows dearer with years. She is so exceedingly busy these days she never has time to report to classes, as she finds it impossible to stay out at school at all, since so much of her time is required down town "managing the Annual." As President of the Self-Regulating Roll, she gracefully offers her services to the Faculty whenever an adviser is needed. No wonder she is so husy! Faculty on her hands, too! She has two ambitions in life, it seems-one, to bluff her teachers; the other. to rank first in the Senior Class. The first she attains by loudly agreeing with everything the teachers say, and the second-well, just natural merits; and, "with all her faults. we love her still."



Laura Davis Kentucky

Ves, Laura hails from Kentucky, with the rest of the beauties, and doesn't mind telling you any day that she is from the place where Lincoln was born. For a long time she was undecided whether A T \(\text{P}\) pins from Wooster were better than those from Vanderbilt, but has finally decided and has lived "happy ever after." Lalla isn't very strong for the S. C. S. R. Roll; but she doesn't mind going down town every Monday, and any school day thrown in, and she doesn't care much if she can't get a Belmont chaperon to take her. But the puzzle for ns all is how Laura manages to average A \(\frac{1}{2} \) every quarter.



Ida Mary Hood

Iowa

"None had made so many journeys, None had seen so many wonders, As this wonderful lago, As this marvelous story-teller."

Can it be that Longfellow knew Ida? Hardly, for since her earliest days she has graced Belmont with her valuable presence. Here, when her vestal duties at Miss Townsend's shrine do not claim her, she discourses on all subjects from "Cousin Will's new car "to the principles of poetry. The entire class greets with the greatest glee her discussions with the Faculty; but her latest method is, when she is cornered, to maintain a discreet silence. The admiration of the student body at large has been awakened by her essay, "The Chief Feats of Engineering," and by the fact that she actually likes Analytics and positively revels in Chemistry. In reality, her interest in most topics, joined with her quickness and vivacity, is a characteristic we all envy her.



Madeline Elizabeth Swain, ⊕ K ∆

Illinois

In spite of these three serious drawbacks-silence, punctuality, and quiet reserve-this official dispenser of heated atmosphere always contrives, by some circuitous route, to come to the front and partake of all the general excitement. Three successive times has Madeline refused the pleading importunities of the Faculty to become disciplinarian of the chapel and dining room, and it was only after her most decided refusal that Miss Jarman was employed. She is most frequently seen at her desk in chapel at 6:45 A.M., patiently waiting for the girls to assemble and for the sound of Mrs. Borden's bell to resound through the halls, her pet aversion being sleeping late in the mornings. Madeline's greatest delight, both to herself and other members of the class, is arguing with Miss Blalock in the Logic Class. By her "chumminess" with Noah Webster she so confuses her adversary that she manages to acquire an undeserved A + for her quarterly grade. One great disadvantage to Madeline's progress in class is that the teachers have never been able by any means to draw her out of her state of reserve and induce her to recite. This also has proved to be a source of constant annovance to her "frat." sisters, as they fear, on account of this characteristic, that she will always be a "social gloom." Owing to her delicate constitution and frail physique, Madeline refrains from all out-of-door exercise, especially horseback riding, since she prefers her seat at the French table to taking her meals "a la mantelpiece."



Katharine Wallace Hall

Tennessee

Katharine, otherwise and elsewhere known as "Kate," came to us "out of the nowhere" last September, and was the only one of the new Seniors to venture into the ranks of the "Old Guard"-the A. B.'s. As do all the truly great, she never fails to speak of herself and her accomplishments in the third person. She has but two subjects of conversation for "la table Française"-" Ma mere est ici," or "Qui est dans le théatre aujourd'hui?" Among the Faculty she is known as "Martha's roommate; among the girls, as "that girl with countless brothers and cousins;" among the Seniors, as an ardent walker and "a sure cure for the blues." Kate makes monthly excursions to her native heath, from which she returns sleepy, but beaming. She is crazy about Nunnelly, but she refuses to divide with her friends. The true glow in her character is that she is a perpetual "diggins," but perhaps that can be explained by the influence spread over her by some one who visits her or her roommate continually.



Wilma Polk, T Φ Σ, Σ Φ Θ Tennessee

Yes, she talks once in a while; and when she does, you always listen, because you realize that you are sure to miss something if you don't. We feel that she is almost too young and inexperienced to be the proud possessor of a B.A., but her scholarly ways offer an excuse for this exception. She is so lovable that it is hard to refuse anything she asks; but we are afraid she is overworking this charm of manner by her demands for various permissions.



Ione Montgomery, Θ K Δ Mississippi

Ione is the baby of the Senior Class, and, on account of her size and winning manners, is the pet of the Faculty. She can generally be found in Miss Hood's private sanctum, as by reason of her attachment to the heads of this institution she cannot bear a prolonged separation from them. "Piney's" chief delight while in school is her "Ana.," and for its sake she foregoes many social pleasures, although at really intimate affairs, such as alumnæ teas, she can occasionally be induced to appear. The interest she takes in Skalowski's is exceeded only by her fondness for study, and almost any afternoon she can be seen strolling, arm in arm, around the campus with her intimate friend and companion, Miss Maxwell. The serious responsibility of Seniorship has weighed heavily on Ione's shoulders, for the gay frivolity which characterized her as a "sub." has left her, and in its place has come a dignity and seriousness worthy the name of a Belmont graduate.



Pauline Atterbury, S I X, S P O

Mississippi

The prettiest girl of the Senior Class is at present torn by her ambition to become a great pianist or a chauffeur. During her stay here she has become famous for the numerous offices which she holds, her fondness for "joy rides," and her universal popularity. Pauline is one of the "props" of Belmont, and no one knows how her place will ever be filled. Nothing but the best of wishes and expectations go with her from her many friends in Belmont in 1912.



Mamie Pearl Wilson

Oklahoma

This jewel of the Senior Class discovered America about twenty years ago in the great Commonwealth of Oklahoma. Her adoring parents, with true poetic instinct, said to each other: "Which one of all the precious stones shall we call her?" "Pearl," said the mother. So this fair, pale jewel was set midway in her name, and a "pearl of great price" she has proved to be. But nature forms few flawless gems, and even Mamie Pearl does not shine with perfect luster. She will not study. Her career has been varied by her frequent appearances before the Faculty, when she meekly accepted the decree to "go to study hall." Some of Mamie Pearl's teachers-those who know her best-said she was in love with too many boys, and that boys and books do not agree. Be that as it may, she has reached the goal and is ready for the social world, "conquering and to conquer."



Lee Edda Campbell, B 2 0 Illinoi

It is admirable to resolve to accomplish many splendid things, but it is far greater to actually see that resolution put into practice. Any girl in Lee Edda's classes would feel keenly her power of determination—that which makes her get "what she wants when she wants it." This noble characteristic, coupled with a happy disposition, has been the key to her unquestionable success. With such a glorious "commencing," we anticipate a great future for her: and there can be no doubt that some day, on hearing of a brilliant action of Mademoiselle Campbell's, we will lift our heads and proudly assert: "O, yes, I was in her Analytics Class!"



Winfred Bean New Mexico

Winfred came to us "out of the West" and enrolled as "Senior." Despite her natural tendencies to be just good-humored and to insist on exploiting that selfsame West, she is one of "us." We cannot understand how one of the reachers took her to be the oldest member of her family; but, then, she had never seen Winfred at mail time. "I haven't heard since yesterday." We may tease her and say this spoiled and petted her, but we could not now get along without her ready smile to cheer us on our way.



Hazel E. Wilson, B 2 0 Arkansas

Had Hazel written her name above here, she would have put ∑ A Ē also. If you want to see her bloom like a rose, just ask her whether it is Analytics or History, determinates or Alfred the Great, she is most interested in. She has turned over a new leaf in her Senior year and refuses to "bean"—just has business which makes it necessary for her to be on the streets "muchly." And, talk about your satisfied creatures, she never has been known to want to change her room. All joking aside, she is a glorious "postgrad," and Senio.



Jean S. Boyd Pennsylvania

When we hear a troubled little Pennsylvania voice inquiring, "How much of your Analytics have you?" we know Jean Boyd is not far distant. For two years she has been our model, conscientious little classmate, who, if she does not prepare a lesson, worries about it sufficiently to satisfy any exacting member of the Faculty. Between her Y. W. C. A. duties and her classes she has the appearance of being perpetually busy. Nevertheless, she always stops in her mad career to give a pleasant greeting to every one whom she passes. Her sunniness has made her a favorite of the Faculty, and we who strive for that honor know how to appreciate one who attains it.



Ethel May Dowling Florida

When Miss Mason wears a beatific smile and speaks of the hard-working Senior who almost resides at the Carnegie Library and visits Belmont at intervals, we know Ethel has been haunting her room in North Front. We wonder that the climate of Florida can generate such energy; but if it is a question of Chemistry notebooks, there is a doubt about the "generation." Although manifestly bored, she has been here two years, and is actually contemplating a third. The Faculty hold various and conflicting views of her, the most popular being "a good child, but very badly spoiled." She is noted for having all the time she wants, to do whatever she wants, and still she can go unconcernedly to her classes and answer, "Prepared!"



Myrtle Moore Missouri

"We never heard her speak in haste: Her tones were sweet, And modulated just so much As it was meet; Deliberate, earnest, prompt to act And make her generous tho't a fact."



Senior Class Poem

The Class of 1912 has left In annals such a name, A goal that will make others strive To win for them like fame. A record of achievements won, Of good example shown, Of steady work and true ideals, Of battles fought alone.

And in the years to come there'll be Struggles both hard and long— Struggles that tax the courage and skill In battles against the wrong.

Shall they in life less dauntless prove, Or seek but mighty tasks, And leave the ones that yield no praise, For which the world ne'er asks? Not so! In life, as well as school,
'Tis the small things that amount—
The trivial deeds that try our strength,
That prove the final count. I. M. H.

Senior Class Song

Shadows falling on the park, Gleam magnolias in the dark. Songs are heard. O, my classmates, hark! The Seniors are gazing out upon a sight: Moon's clear rays make it dazzling bright. Good night, dear girls; good night, good night. Good night, dear girls; good night, good night. Sad we think of the other Mays,
Promises fair of more school days.
Now every mind to her future sways,
Now every mind to her future sways.
Our school is o'er, the hours fly;
The world shows us an unknown sky.
Good-by, Belmont; good-by, good-by.
Good-by, Belmont; good-by, good-by. I. M. H.



Special Diploma

Read here!
This is the story of our class,
Mother of talent for the world at large.
Because fair Nature gives to some her wealth,
Because she fashions some not like the rest,
So bide we quietly in the shade,
So—until the mother bids us fly:
Then fades the shade before the coming day,
And those who stand before—
Alas, we leave behind.



Mable Roberta Brown, S I X Nebraska Special Diploma in English.

A loyal, dependable, ideal college girl. This girl (who is famous in Belmont for being the "best all-around student" in our midst) is, we have every reason to believe, truly the star among "the girls of the Golden West." Mable came straight from Nebraska, and brought with her, as it were, all the dignity, all the lovableness of mind and character, that the West affords—brought this interesting combination and unselfishly spread it through all Belmont. Even though she had no talent, no energy, no thought to "make things go," no capability to manage college Annuals and publications, she would still be looked up to more than any other girl both by Faculty and girls. This is due to her majestic height. She towers much above the maddening crowd. Her influence and her prominence in college like will not be easily forgotten.



Grace Frain, T & S. Florida

Special Diploma in English.

One of those girls to whom the "lower-your-voices" rule does not apply, for her conversation is all Mrs. B. might wish it to be—soft, cultured, sweet. She has a pleasant smile for every one, and is that type of girl we sometimes call "wholesome"—one of those of whom no one speaks unkindly, unless it may be Lucie Porter, who claims Grace combs her hair too many times a day. Can it be that Lucie Porter wants the mirror?



Louise Morrison, B ∑ Θ

Special Diploma in English.
Doing things is her desire,
Never seeming here to tire.
Wait until the month of June.
Then she'll change her little tune.
From the toils of "Laugh a Bit"
She will seek another's wit,
Far from Belmont's careful walls,
In the land where pleasure calls.



Oklahoma



Lucie Porter Terry, T P 5

Kentucky

Special Diploma in English.

She has proven herself possessing wonderful powers to manage, for has she not nobly taken Isabel's place as hostess at her table? And it takes great tact to stay in favor with the girls when they all ask for white meat, splendid controlling powers to keep them calm when it becomes known there will be ice cream for dessert, and to keep them quiet without appearing too dignified. Yes, indeed, Lucie Porter has shown that she is quite equal to the task, which is not at all surprising, considering her splendid work in all other branches, including "fratology."



Stella Hayes, B 2 0

Oklahoma

Special Diploma in English. Her hair curls up about her face, As hard as irons can kink; It's good her mind is not so shaped, Or else she couldn't think.

But she cares not; she's happy; She sings both day and night. Her teachers say, "She's good as gold;" The girls say, "She's just right."



A lovely maiden she is indeed. With her winsome smile and coy manner, she entwines herself in the memory of all whom she meets.

"None know her but to love her, None name her but to praise."



Elizabeth Brown Louisiana Special Diploma in English.

Elizabeth is a very philosophical kind of girl. She applies the lessons she learns in Psychology, because she has the ludicrous sentiment to a great extent. No matter what bad luck she has had, she just laughs and says: "O, well, what's done can't be undone!" She is exceedingly original in the things she does and says, and shows in her life the truth of what Carlyle has said, "Be true if you would be believed;" for she is sincere and "true as steel."



The wild Texas winds blew "Vieve" to Belmont. She came here with high ideals. They are still high, but ranking with her ideals is her unusual standing in her classes. She is one of the brightest stars that shines from the "Lone Star State."



She does not waste energy, but uses her ability for a purpose. She is a maid with individual charm; sweet, modest, and exclusive in her selection of friends.

"A creature not too bright or good For human nature's daily food, For transient sorrow, simple wiles, Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."



Launa Lucus Tennessee Special Diploma in English.

To know her is to love her. With her sweet, gentle way and low, soothing voice, she has won a place in every one of our hearts.

"O woman, lovely woman! Nature made thee To temper man; we would have been brutes without thee. Angels are painted fair to look like you. There is in you all we believe in heaven— Amazing brightness, purity, and truth, Eternal joy and everlasting love"



Vivian Holt Louisiana
Special Diploma in English.

Behold this little maiden from the South, full of wit and fun, always getting into trouble, but taking life easy! She just can't be serious. She has a profound interest in Texas, and is very fond of special deliveries from Cousin (?) Charlie. The only particular "crush" is has this year is Mathematics, which she has won over by her brilliant answers in Psychology.



Mattie Jacoby

. Texas

Special Diploma in English.

For every one this charming little Texan has a sweet smile and cheery word. Not only does she rank among the first in her classes, but she also holds that place in her classmates' hearts. She seems to be born

> "To warn, to comfort, and command; And yet a spirit still, and bright With something of angelic light."



Here is happy Marguerite, who hails from Indiana. Her cheerful words and bright smiles make even an infirmary day brighter. Her witty sayings and sweet disposition have won her many friends, to whom

> "She is fair and fairer than that word Of wondrous virtues."



Tennessee

She arose while it was yet night to gratify her ambition for a satisfactory record in college. She is conscientious, loves her many friends, and thinks she prefers making a home some day to fame in worldly pursuit.

"Is not thy mind a gentle mind?
Is not thy heart refined?
Hast thou not every blameless grace
That man should love and heaven can trace?"



A stately, blue-cyed little queen, with smilit hair, who hails from Helena, Ark. When wanted, she can either be found coaching the "boneheads" to yell, tickling the ivories in Mr. Hesselberg's studio, or doing the dip in Middle March. From the last occupation she has been given the name of the "Big Dipper." Esther has very eccentric habits, one being her mania for utilizing 2 A E pins for domestic purposes—namely, to pin her middy blonse to her skirt. She has high ideals, such as to run a choral class by electricity or to run a conservatory by hot air. With this original girl time is counted by "Daddy Baskette's" visits. She is the mainstay and a joy forever to her roomnates. She is a girl of merit and has won the degree of M.G. (Muscial Genius).



Marie Gresham Mississippi

Special Diploma in Piano.

Marie honors Mississippi by calling it her native land, When she outgrew the musical instructors of her home State, she was sent to Belmont. Arriving at Belmont, she became at once the pride and joy of Professor Hesselberg. Marie is tiny in stature, but great in other ways—one way especially. She is almost a Paderewski. We think it only fair to Mr. Paderewski to warn him that he had best "make hay while the sun shines," for in a few short years Marie will head the list of world-famous musicians.



Pauline Paddock, Φ M Indiana Special Diploma in Domestic Science.

We are recommending to the public at large a scullery maid, "Peggie Paddock" by name. She has learned to swing a frying pan with the accuracy of an American League pitcher. Miss Peggie, a la modiste, "cuts up"—well, with the scissors—and can put her string of frat. pins (the last is the latest thing in thread) in the most artistic positions. She wears constantly a happy smile and a string of beads (the last is another style of thread used extensively this season). Peggie belongs to a foremost organization, the "Suffragist Club," in the Belmont circles. We are glad to mention the fact that this club is rapidly pushing to the front. Miss Peg. holds the prominent office of "flunky," and is usually seen near the stump hearing a glass of water.



Here comes another girl from the "Lone Star State," waving her diploma and shouting her freedom to all the world. Her special "pets" are Chemistry and Nineteenth-Century Literature, but her drawing card lies in that most womanly of all accomplishments—cooking. To see her decked out in cap and apron and to hear her discourse on herbs, fruits, and spices, even the most doubtful would be convinced of her superior powers in that direction. As leader of a walking squad and an honored member of the Self-Regulating Roll, she has won her way into the hearts of all the Belmont Faculty.



Aline Gulledge, OK 2 Texas

Special Diploma in Expression.

Second to none in her art of entertaining, she well meritis her reputation as one of the most charming girls in her class. Aline is dainty, sweet, and alluring; and, combined with these qualities, she is dependable. Her self-regulating honors and other distinctions are well merited. And as chairman of the Humor Committee of the Annual, she deserves a great deal of credit. Milady in Brown is indebted to Aline for her bright and clever contributions.

Alma Mater

Blessed mother, lovely Belmont!
'Neath thy fostering, sheltering arm
Years have sped 'mid flowers and sunshine,
Far from every threatening harm.

O'er life's sea thy hand didst pilot Every weak and wandering child, When the waves were lit with splendor Or when roared the breakers wild.

When we leave thee, blessed mother, At the great world's beckoning call, Let thy great love shield and guide us, Leading to a heaven for all.

Chorus:

Alma Mater, Alma Mater!
Blessed mother mine!
Star that guides us o'er life's pathway,
Shine, forever shine!

В.

Senior Grades

Motto: "Esse non videri" Color: Cardinal Flower: Red Poppy OFFICERS MEMBERS Kate Badger Tennessee Neli Gwynne Davis . . . Texas JOSEPHINE KENOWER . . . Indiana Clara Clark Texas Mary H. Flack Tennessee Eloise Knox Georgia MARIAN CLEMENT . . . Kentucky Lehala Jacobson . . . Louisiana RUTH MILLER Missouri Certificate in Art Maby Nesbit California Certificate in Domestic Art Martha Nuppnau . . , , . Indiana GENEVIEVE PETTUS . . . Arkansas



SENIOR GRADE

Subsenior Class

Motto: "Carpe diem"

Flower: Violet.

YELL

Colors: Purple and White

Rah, rah, rhee! Who are we? We're Subseniors! Can't you see? The class of Belmont, Who dig and delve! We're Subseniors of 1912!

OFFICERS

MEMBERS

LILLIE ANDERSON LOUISE ARMSTRONG ETHEL BADGLEY ELIZABETH BARNWELL MIRIAM BROWN GRACE BRYAN NELL BURNS

MATTIE MAY BLAKEMORE LILLIAN CRAIG AMANOA COLVILLE RUTH CLAYTON DELLA CLAYTON MARION CLEMENT BERTHA DANIEL

RUTH DAVIDSON MILLICENT ELSTON LUCILE EDGERTON MARION GRAHAM ETHEL GRIFFIN GLADYS HOWARD FAIREAN JANEN

ALICE JONES ETHEL McFarland MARY MYERS WINNIE MYERS MARIAMYE BYAY JOHNNIE WALKER Eloise Wilkes

SECOND SUBSENIORS

Lois Bean GRACE BLAYOES EMMA BLOUNT JEAN LORETTA BROWN ANNYE BUTLER MARY COFFING DORA COOPER ISAGEL CURRY MILDRED DICKSON DOROTHY DUNAWAY LUCILE EGGERTON

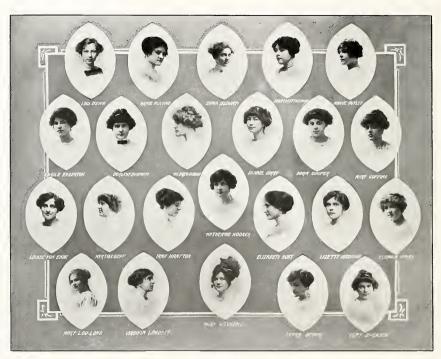
LOUISE VON ENDE Myrtice Gore IRMA HAMPTON KATHERINE HOOKER ELIZABETH HURT LIZETTE HUTCHINSON ELEANOR INMAN RUBY JACKSON Zetta E. Jones MARY KITCHEYS VIRGINIA LAMBERT

MARY LOU LONG VIRGINIA MADDON KATHERINE MAYES JEANNETTE MOORE HARRIETT MURRELL MARY A NICHOLSON NANCY LOUISE OLIVER MARIE PEASE EVAONA PRICE MARION ROWLAND GRACE RUBLE

KATHERINE RUBLE ALTA SATTERFIELD Margaret Schramm ETHEL SCHUMANN RUBY STEWART RUTH STOKES LUDIE TEAM ALMA WALKER RUTH WHITE Lucy Williams RUTH WILLIAMS Helen Woods



SUBSENIOR CLASS



SUBSENIOR CLASS



SUBSENIOR CLASS

Junior Class

OFFICERS

Mary Street		 	President
Agnes Smith		 	Vice President
Ione Brown .		 	Secretary
Marth	A BOONE	 	Treasurer

MEMBERS

DOROTHY APPERSON LAURA ATOR BECKWITH BAIRD CLYDE BLACK MARTHA BOONE LUCILE BOYDSTUN DAISY BROOKS IONE BROWN GRACE CALDWELL HESTER CALDWELL CATHERINE CLARK ETTA CONSTANTINE LETHA COOK MARY V. COOK ALICE COOLINGE LUCY COOPER MILDRED COTTON

LOUISE COWAY

EAY COWDEN MOLLIE L. CRUIKSHANK Bessie Elliott Gertrude Giddings JEWELL GREEN MARGARET G. GREEN MARY GRINTER ELIZABETH GODSHALL MARY HALLER MARGARET HARKINS CATHERINE HARRIS ROSAMOND HARRIS Reba Henderson LEXICE INGRAM TOWNZELLA JONES CARRIE MOORE KERNACHAN GRACE LANDRITH LOUISE MAINS

RUBY MAYES PAULINE McCain SUSIE MCLEAN MARGARET MINTER KATHLEEN MOORMAN ELIZAGETH MURRAY ELIZABETH NEWMAN MARTHA HALL NEWMAN ADA NORRIS KATHERINE QUAILE Alma Rankin Margaret Rickman MARY DALE ROBERTSON ADELINE ROBINSON BENNYE MAY ROQUEMORE ELIZABETH SKILLMAN AGNES SMITH LUCILE SNYDER

MATTIE SPEILBERGER SUSIE SPELL ROBERTA SPENCER JENNIE B. STEPHENS MARIE STONER MARY STREET VIRGINIA SWIGGART Margaret Thomison NORA TROUSDALE ARMENE TWEEDY BEAUTORD TWEEDY ELIZABETH WADE LIDA WEST ALICE WHITE MILDRED WOODS MARGARET WORTHAM Elsie Young





JUNIOR CLASS



JUNIOR CLASS

Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

LADYS	BINFORD																			Presi	ident
	ETHEL F	AYNE														Ţ	ice	Pre.	side	nt	
		ELIZA																			
			ARIE (urer			9			

MEMBERS

LILLIAN KLINE
SADIE KUGELMAN
GLADYS LITTLE
MARGUERITE LONG
ELIZABETH MCDONALD
ETHEL PAYNE
EVELYN PEARCY
BEATRIX QUAILE
MATTIE LEE REIB
Nona Reid

VENDLA EKLUND
MARY EVANS
DOROTHY EWIN
EULA MAY GILLASPIE
HERRIETTA GRUNEWALD
GEORGIA GULICK
BRENDA HEAD
RUTH HERRON
MARY D. HOUSTON
HELEN KELLY

EVA BELL
GLADYS BINFORD
THELMA BUCHANAN
AHEEN CARRESTER
MARGARET CLARK
JO ELIA CLOWER
MARGUERITE COTTON
MARGARET DOUGLAS
ELIZABETH DRAKE
MALVINA BATHERLY

SARAH RIDLEY
CORINNE SMITH
EULALIE SNYUER
EDNA STOWERS
EVA SUTTON
LOIS TARBY
JUANITA TAYLOR
MARIE GRANT WHITE
EDITH WOLLOTT
MARY JERNIGIN



SOPHOMORE CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Just Try Smiling

Come, girls, let's be merry; Why mope and be sad? Things may just look awful And not be so bad. Just try smiling.

> If mail's disappointing, The lessons are long, You won't feel so blue If you'll just sing a song And try smiling.

> > It won't rain on Sunday? You must go to church? Your best friend's self-reg., And you're left in the lurch? Then try smiling.

> > > The world runs much smoother.
> > > The sun shines more bright.
> > > It's exit the shadow,
> > > And enter the light,
> > > If you're smiling.

L. M.

Freshman Class

OFFICERS

HAZEL DUNLAP ELIZABET	H TURNER		. Vice President . Secretary
	M	EMBERS	
ELMIRE BELL	PHŒBE CLEMENT	Larissa Kittrell	MARIE B. STANDLEY
CATHERINE BLYTHE	HAZEL DUNLAP	Lois McManus	MAUD SUTTON
Irma Byck	MEEDIE EXUM	BILLIE ROBINSON	FLORENCE TOWNES
Helen Clark	CHIOTHDE HART	WHITE PURELS	FILLARETH TERVER

KATHLEEN WARNOCK



Irregular Class

OFFICERS

GLADYS	Losg																						Preside	nt
	Bernice Ja	ENK	ε.																	Vice	Pre	side	nt	
	$L_{\rm U}$	cr V	VILS	Σ															8	ecreta	ry			
			EVE	cry:	v P	ETT	TS										Tre	ası	rer					

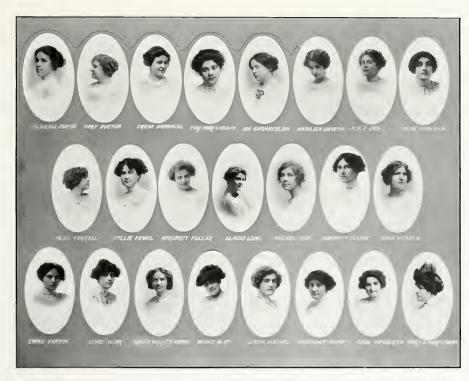
MEMBERS

PLORENCE BURGIN
MARY BURTON
IRENE BARNYELL
FAY FORD CARLSON
IDA CHANDERLAIN
KATHLEEN CHASTAIN
JOYCE CREEL
ALINE EMMERSON
INDIA FERRELL
NELLIE FEWEL
MARGARET FULLER
MITCHERO GERIG

HARRIETT GOODIN
NINA GORDON
EMMA GRIFFIN
IONE HARR
ANNIE WARREN HARRIS
MATOE HART
CARITA HUGHES
MARGARET HANNES
CECH, HEADERSON
MARY STUART HENDRIX
BERNIE JAENKE
MART B. JENNINGS

GRACE KIDD
GLADYS LONG
MATTIE MANN
ANNIE LAURIE MARLEY
MINNIE MCCASKILL
HELEN MORR
CLOE MORGAN
S. JOHN MURCHISON
DOT MARATTE
LOUISE NELISON
EVELNY PETTUS
CLARE PARKS

RUTH PARKS
MAUDE PHILLIPS
EDNA PITTS
FLORENCE SCIPPEL
NELLE STAPLER
ROBERTA STOKES
BELLE STOTTS
EMMA WHITE
LUCILE WHITE
LUCILE WHOSE
MONTROSE WYLIE





IRREGULAR CLASS

College Preparatory

Organized, November 30, 1911

PURPOSE

To associate in one group, irrespective of their classification at Belmont College, all students that expect to attend Eastern colleges of the first rank. The club includes, naturally, all students in the College Preparatory Department. It includes, also, those students who, though now engaged at Belmont College in special work or in work leading to our diploma and degree, plan to continue their education in one of the well-known Eastern colleges

MEMBERS

IIMMIE HIGGINS	Katrina Overall
Cora Gregg	Effie Wooten
MARY GWATHMEY	IDA HOOD
AMY BROWN	GRACE LANDRITH
DIGA CORNELISON	MARY DALE ROSERTSON
ETHEL GRIFFIN	LILLIAN CRAIG

LUCILE NEW
GRACE MAUZY
Louise Morrison
RUTH DAVIDSON
MARION GRAHAM
ETHEL McFarland

VIRGINIA SWIGGART
MARGARET SCHRAMM
ETHEL PAYNE
Daisy Brooks
ELEANOR INMAN
MARTHA BOONE

Belmont Preparatory

MEMBERS

DOROTHY BURBANK VIRGINIA CARMICHAEL MARTHA HICKS ELIZABETH HILL WILLIE PURYEAR FRANCES ROBINSON BESSIE WILLIAMS
MARY WILSON



Elementary

MEMBERS

ALICE BURBANK
MADEL HELPER COOKE
DOROTHY DREW HARRIS
MARGARET DOUGLAS HARRISON
MARY ELIZABETH HAWKES

LAMAR HESSELBERG FRANCES HILL ELIZABETH HOWSE JEAN ANDERSON JONES FRANCES KINNINGHAM THELMA KINNINGHAM ANNA KENDRICK MCGILL LA UNA NEW MARTHA PARMAN MARIE PETTUS VAN METER PROCTOR MARY LEFTWICH RAWLINGS THOMAS ROBINSON ADRIENNE STOKES HELEX WALLACE

"Why the Cotton Blossom Turns Pink"



Silver Wings was a fairy—the prettiest little fairy creature with long golden curls and tiny, graceful body. Her dress was made of ganzy, cloud-like material, and her slender, delicate wings shone like silver when a ray of snn fell upon them; so she was called "Silver Wings," She was a careless little fairy, and was always idle, but she was charming and was a great favorite with all her fairy playmates and the fairy mother.

When all the little people of this woodland home were as busy as the bees, Silver Wings would lie in the shade of a large oak tree, hung with masses of gray moss, which made them look like old men standing still and stately with long, flowing beards. She played with Bright Ray, who came glancing down from Great Father Sun to warm Mother Earth and waken the seeds. Many, many, many large and small seed, deep under the ground, were covered with a thick, warm, white blanket all winter long; and if Bright Ray never came to make them warm, they would never, never waken, but sleep on and on. Bright Ray helped the flowers to make more brilliant their petals of red, yellow, blue, and every color and the leaves to become a brighter green. He was a very busy little fellow. All day long, from early morning, when King Sun sent him down to earth until he called him home again at night, Bright Ray worked hard.

Little Fairy played with industrious, home-loving ants, and watched them as they hurried and pushed and pulled great pieces of something they had found and were taking home to store away. They would not have to beg from door to door as Mr. Grasshopper did when King Frost came. He hopped and skipped and sang all summer long, but when winter came and all the world was cold and white, when all the seeds were asleep in a cozy warm bed and the ants had food in their underground homes, Mr.

Grasshopper had no food or home.

Silver Wings watched the bees in the flowers. How could they be so happy, when each had to work so hard! Their queen awoke them every morning before King Sun had gathered up all the dewdrops that each flower held for him. The fresh, lovely blossoms were exquisite, the little Fairy thought. The large and fragrant violets, the rich and delicate wild roses, the pure, white snowdrop were all her friends, but she wouldn't like to gather honey even from such beautiful cups. The bees sang "m-m-m" as they emptied the cup of each dainty flower and burried away to the next flower.

Silver Wings wished that she could be as happy as her playmates. What could she do that would make her sing from morning until night as Busy-Droning Bee did? A bright thought came to her, She could ask Bright Ray and Industrious, Home-Loving Ant and Busy-Droning Bee too. They could tell her just what to do to be as happy as they were all the day long. Queen Mother could tell her too. but she always said to be useful was the only way

one could be happy. That meant that Silver Wings would have to work. What an ugly word! She did not even like the sound of it, anyway.

Next morning Silver Wings said to Busy-Droning

Bee: "Busy Bee, tell me why you sing."

Because the world is beautiful, the sun is warm, and the flowers give me their honey to gather, and I am happy, so I sing," said Busy-Droning Bee.

To the Industrious, Home-Loving Ant little Fairy

said: "Tell me, Ant, why are you happy?"

"Little Fairy," answered the Industrious Ant, tugging with his heavy bread crumb, "because I am busy and useful I am happy."

Then to Bright Ray, who came dancing near her. Silver Wings said: "What makes you dance and

look so bright?"

"Because I am happy that I can be useful," sang Bright Ray, as he searched for a violet seed hidden rear the foot of the large oak trees. "It is lovely to waken the seeds and whisper to them that spring has come, to waken and come out into the sunshine."

"Then I just wish I could be useful," sighed the

tiny little Fairy under the great old tree.

"You can, Silver Wings—" Where had Queen Mother come from so quickly? All morning she too had been busy, just as busy as Droning Bee and Industrious Ant and Bright Ray. "I want another flower in a cotton field. All morning I have been visiting each flower in the field, and they are all busy, happy little people; but I must have one more

worker. The fairy that I send there must be anxious to accomplish something, for in this field there are no idlers. The South depends upon this crop for her necessities and luxuries, and each maiden has a part to perform in helping to make this crop. It is truly a glorious work for any maiden to claim as her own. You will have a storehouse; and let me tell you. Silver Wings, what an attractive little house this is. It is painted a delicate green with tiny doors and windows, which are thrown open wide in the day and closed tight at night to make the home snug and cozy. You must spin and spin and spin until your house is filled—packed—with thousands of snowy white threads. Will you promise, pretty Fairy, to make your boll-for that is what the farmers call our storehouses—full of the finest white threads of any in the field? Then go!"

Early every morning before King Sun had turned into red and gold the summer sky. Little Fairy opened the delicate white doors and windows and began work. The pollen that Busy Bee had left with her must be used and autumn was coming, so she must spin the threads to fill her boll. Silver Wings was so busy and happy—in usefulness she had found a secret—and when King Sun became warm enough to attract her attention for just one idle moment, she blushed rosy pink with every other blossom in the field at the King's nod of pleasure and approval. And that is why the creamy cotton

blooms turn pink.





ORORITIES

Sigma Phi Theta

(INTER-SORORITY COUNCIL)

.

THETA KAPPA DELTA

Marie Tremann . Ione Montgomery

TAU PHI SIGMA

LUCIE PORTER TERRY

WILMA POLK
BETA SIGMA OMICRON

Mattie Mann Hazel Wilson

LOUISE MORRISON

ALINE GULLEDGE

GRACE FRAIN

SIGMA IOTA CHI

KATHERINE HOOKER

PHI MU
RUTH PARKS MARY GRINT

MARY GRINTER AGNES SMITH



SIGMA PHI THETA

Beta Sigma Omicron

CHAPTER ROLL

Beta Synodical Co	ollege, Fulton, Mo.	Kappa	Fairmont Seminary, Washington, D. C.			
Gamma Christian Colle	ege, Columbia, Mo.	Lambda	Hamilton College, Lexington, Ky.			
Epsilon Harden Co	llege, Mexico, Mo.	Mu	Cresceut College, Eureka Springs, Ark.			
Zeta Centenary College	, Cleveland, Tenn.	Nu	Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga.			
Eta Stephens Coll	ege, Columbia, Mo.	Xi	Central College, Lexington, Mo.			
Theta Belmont College	, Nashville, Tenn.	Omicron	Liberty College, Liberty, Mo.			
THETA CHAPTER						
Jean Brown Illinois	CLARA FIELDS	Kentucky	MARY KITCHENS Arkansas			
LEE EDDA CAMPDELL Illinois	CORA E. GREGG	Alabama	MATTIE MANN Arkansas			
Dora Cooper Arkansas	STELLA HAYES	Oklahoma	Louise Morrison Oklahoma			
LUCY KATHERINE COOPER Arkansas	MARY STUART HENDRIC	к Colorado	NELL STAPLER Oklaboma			
Mildred Dickson Wisconsin	CAVITA HUGHES	Kentucky	RUTH WILLIAMS Louisiana			
DOROTHY DUNAWAY Colorado	LENICE INGRAM	Tennessee	Hazel E. Wilson Arkansas			



BETA SIGMA OMICRON

Theta Kappa Delta

Founded at Belmont College, 1897

Colors: Crimson and Gold

CHRISTINE BAUGH
IONE BROWN
CATHENDE CLARKE
ALINE GULLEDGE
ROSAMOND HARRIS
CECIL HENDERSON
RUTH HERVEY
Water Valley, Miss.
Water Valley, Miss.

ACTIVE MEMBERS

JEWELL HERVEY . Water Valley, Miss.
STSE McLean . Grenada, Miss.
ANNIE LAURIE MARLEY . Summer, Miss.
KATHLEEN MOORMAN . Mayfield, Ky.
IONE MONTGOMERY . TUNICA, Miss.
EVELYN PETIUS . Forest City, Ark.
GENEVIEVE PETITS . Forest City, Ark.

Flower: Red Carnation

SORORES IN URBE

Mrs. J. N. Stone

Mrs. R. Hudoleston



THETA KAPPA DELTA

Sigma Iota Chi Founded in December, 1903, Alexandria, La.

4.4							
Colors: Purple and Gold			Flower: Violet				
CHAPTER ROLL							
Alpha Beta Gamma Delta Cincinnati Cor Theta Lindenwood Colle	Winchester, Tenn. ry, Nashville, Tenn. servatory of Music.	Lambda	Campbell-Hagerman College, Lexington, Ky. Cloverside College, Washington, D. C. Crescent College, Eureka Springs, Ark. Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga. Shorter College, Rome, Ga.				
Zetu Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn. ZETA CHAPTER ROLL, 1911-1912							
PAULIE ATTERRERY Mississippi BECKWITH BAIRD Missouri LILLIAN CRAIG TEXAS. MABLE ROBERTA BROWN Nebraska LUCILE EDGERTON Tennessee KATHERINE HOOKER Tennessee	FAIRFAX JANIN LARISSA KITTRELL VIRGINIA MADDOX MARY NELSON (pledged LOUISE OLIVER EVELYN PEARCY (pledge	Tennessee Tennessee) Tennessee Tennessee	MARGARET RICKMAN Tennessee ETHEL SCHUMANN Missonri LUCILE SNYDER New Mexico EULALIE SNYDER New Mexico CORINNE SMITH Mississippi MARGARET WORTHAM MIssissippi				



SIGMA IOTA CHI

Tau Phi Sigma

Founded in January, 1899

4 4

lore: Pink and Cray

Open Motto: "Loyalty binds us"

Colors: Pink and Gray

ETHEL BADGLEY New York
LCCILE BOYOSITUM LOUISIANA
MARIAN CLEMENT Kentucky
ISADEL DEAN Oklahoma
GRACE FRAIN Colorado
GERTRUDE GIODINOS OKlahoma
LLIZMETH GODSIMALL PENDSYIVANIA

EDNA KONE LEWIS
BETTIE B. BANTER POAGE
LORETTA TAYLOR PILCHER

ROLL OF ACTIVE MEMBERS, 1911-1912
IRMA HAMPTON Tennessee
LONE HARR Pennsylvania
CLOTILDE HART (pledged) Mississippi
GLADYS LONG Louisiana
JULIET MERIWETHER KANSAS
LOUISE NEILSON LOUISIANA
ADA NORRIS Oklahoma
Oklahoma

Flower: La France Rose

 WILMA POLK
 Tennessee

 LUCHE RUCKER
 Texas

 LUCHE SHIRTEY
 Texas

 LUCHE FORTER
 Texas

 LUCHE PORTER TERRY
 Kentucky

 ELIZAMETH WADE
 Tennessee

 AMA WARD
 Jowa

SORORES IN URBE

VIRGINIA WATERFIELD ISABEL CRITTENDEN BUNN MARY BANG CONNELL MARY AVENT ANNA HUNTER KIRKPATRICK LAZINKA FARRELL



TAU PHI SIGMA

Phi Mu Sorority

Founded in 1852 at Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

Asheville, N. C. New Orleans, La. Chicago, Ill. Baltimore, Md. Atlanta, Ga. Macon, Ga. Valdosta, Ga.

THETA CHAPTER

Lillie Anderson Kentucky	Maud Hart Minnesota	Clare Parks Tennessee				
Grace Caldwell Tennessee	Virginia Lambert Arkansas	RUTH PARKS Tennessee				
Mary Coffing Indiana	Katherine Mayes Tennessee	Agnes Smith Georgia				
Amanda Colville Tennessee	Ruby Mayes Tennessee	Mary Street Kentucky				
Louise von Ende Texas	Martha Nuppnau Indiana	Virginia Swiggart Tennessee				
MARY GRINTER Kentncky	Pauline Paddock Indiana	Elsie Young Kentucky				

SORORES IN URBE

MISS ELLEY MEEKS

Xi Kappa . . . Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.

MRS EDWARD COOK

MRS. MILES P. O'CONNER

Xi . . . University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N. M.



PHI MU

THE GULLEDGE-HOOKER ALL-STAR MUSICAL COMPANY PRESENTS

WILLIE SHAKESPEARE-MINTS' TRAGI-COMEDY

"Little Ado About Something"

ė ė

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING LANDRITH THE FIRST-Ruler of Belmont. HESSELBERG Ross Lords of Belmont. HENKLE COUNT EUCLID Visitors to Belmont. COUNT ASTROLOGIA SIR THOMAS ALLEY-Of the Green House. HOOVER-A Sheriff. PRINCESS HOOD PRINCESS HERON Queen Lester-Ruler of Infirmary, adjoining Kingdom of Belmont. COUNTESS McDONALD COUNTESS WHEELER COUNTESS TOWNSEND Ladies in waiting to Queen Lester. COUNTESS ROBERTS COUNTESS FRYSINGER LADY WENDEL LADY MANWELL LADY JARMAN Ladies in waiting to Princess Hood. LADY MASON LADY CASON LADY Ross-Wife to Lord Ross. LABY FORREST LADY HEINRICH LADY BERRY Ladies in waiting to Princess Heron. LADY L. MANWELL LADY STUART LADY BLYTHE LARY COOKE Ladies of the Court. LADY BLALOCK Lady Masson-Keeper of the Rolls. Duchess Borden-Chief Adviser of the Court MISTRESS LOTTIE-Of the Infirmary Court.

Nola Servants.

Johnnie Servants.

Norrissa Hompsetta Mistresses of the Revels to King Landrith
Time—Miss Parmelee.

ACT I.

Scene 1.—Belmont, a Court of Justice.
[Enter Time, the Chorus.]

Time. Gentles, perchance you'll wonder at this show;

But wonder on, till we make all things plain. The actors are at hand, and by their show You shall know all that you are like to know.

[Enter Landrith, Lords, Sheriff, Princesses, and Ladies.]

LANDRITH. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce.

Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The parties tried Are Belmont maidens, too much loved and spoiled.

Let us be cleared Of being tyrannous, since we so openly

Proceed in justice, which shall have due course.

Even to the guilt or the purgation.

Produce the prisoners.

Hoover. It is His Highness' pleasure that the prisoners

Appear in person here in court. Silence! [Enter two Maddens, guarded.]

Landrith. Read the indictment.

Hoover. [Reads.] Maidens of Belmont, ye are here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing the great crime of breaking strict rules of Belmont; rules broken at risk of certain death or banishment.

Landrith. What has the first prisoner to say for herself? Thou art accused of cutting practice.

First Prisoner. And who accuse the?

LANDRITH.—Lady Blythe accuseth thee. Speak, Lady Blythe— Why, where is the lady? She hath willfully absented herself from the court room. Officer, fetch her hither.

[Exit Hoover.]

Lady Blythe shall be reprimanded severely. Duchess Borden, take officer's chair. Second prisoner, thou art accused of absenting thyself from

chapel.

SECOND PRISONER. I deny the charge.

LANDRITH. Duchess Borden, question the prisoner.

Duchess Borden. Be a true sport in every sense of the word, and confess. Thou knowest thou art guilty. Lady Maxwell and Lady Wendel saw thee numching sweets in thy bedchamber, when thou shouldst have been meditating in chapel.

Lady Wendel. Truly thou speak'st, Duchess. Our eyes rested on the maiden as she munched her sweets, and as we approached her she did slip into

a closet and thus was hid from our sight.

PRISONER. O, thou speak'st not aright, cruel lady. Lady Maxwell, thou wilt not say the same as Lady Wendel hath. I do intreat thy sweet ladyship to have mercy on me. Say that thou sawest me not?

LADY MAXWELL. 'Tis true, 'tis pity;

And pity 'tis 'tis true; and now remains That we find out the cause of this effect, Or rather say, the cause of this defect, For this effect defective comes by cause. Thus it remains, and the remainder thus Perpend.

Prisoner. Lady,

You speak a language that I understand not.
[Flourish and great confusion without.]
[Enter Hoover with Lady BLYTHE.]

LANDRITH. What hast thou to say for thyself,

Lady Blythe?

Lady Blythe. I was in pursuit of a fleeing damsel. I was in dread lest she cutteth her practice; and, alas! thought I, I needs must save her from punishment.

LANDRITH. Enough! Be seated.

[Enter servant, Johnnie.]

LANDRITH. What bringeth thee here, servant? Johnnie. Your Highness, I bring a special delivery, which came by post, addressed to the Maiden Louise Oliver. The scroll is in a swain's hand.

LANDRITH. Take the letter hence, and guard it with care for three weeks. It will then be delivered to whom it was addressed.

JOHNNIE. It shall be thus, Your Majesty.

[Exit servant.

Landrith. We shall now proceed. What shall be

done with the two prisoners?

Duchess Borden. Your Highness, I beg the privilege of ruling that these two maidens be compelled to absent themselves from the court revels on Saturday next.

Landrith. Thus it shall be. Away with the prisoners! Exeunt prisoners.

[A knock is heard without.]

Hoover. This knock cometh from a woman's fin-

gers, Lady Masson by name. She beggeth admittance.

Landrith. How! Away with that audacious lady! Hoover, I charged thee that she should not come about me. I knew she would.

Hoover. I told her so, my lord, on your displeasures' peril and mine, she should not visit you.

Landrith, What, can'st not rule her? Look, she has entered the room unbidden. Away with her! Begone, I say!

[Hoover steps up as if to thrust the lady away.] Lady Masson. I pray you, do not push me. I'll

Exit LADY. begone

LANDRITH. Ah, woe is me! Nor night, nor day no rest; it is but weakness to bear the matter thus; mere weakness. A moiety of this hour must be spent in peaceful quietude. I must away. Look to it that I am disturbed not. I'll be back anon.

[Enter two more prisoners.]

Duchess Borden, Princess Hood, thou hast brought charges against these two damsels. Can'st

and wilt speak with them?

Princess Hood. Ave that I can, and that I will. At Skalowski's revels, on a week day not long since. these two gentle maids kept not individual table pride and responsibility. They refrained from using the soft, soft pedal. Yea, and even more, their eves were wafted again and again toward uncouth swains of the House of Vanderbilt. Alas! smiles were exchanged between damsel and swain. For this unpardonable offense, we must banish these miserable maids from our kingdom.

Prisoners. Is there no remedy?

PRINCESS HOOD. None, but to be cast from our sight. Away! Speak not again.

> [Exeunt prisoners. [Enter LANDRITH.]

Duchess Borden. How now, Your Highness?

LANDRITH. Ah, much refreshed am I. Look, who comes here?

Enter Messenger 1

Messenger. The Queen of the neighboring kingdom desireth entrance

Landrith. Bring her hither.

[Exit Messenger.

[Enter Queen Lester and Train.] LANDRITH. Welcome, fair Queen, to our kingdom. Queen Lester. Thanks, noble sir. In great distress come I before thy honored presence.

LANDRITH. Methought thou lookst not happy. Why is thy cheek so pale; how chance the roses there

do fade so fast?

Queen Lester. Belike for want of sleep. Ah. weary am I, and sick, of the pale countenances that besiege my kingdom daily. We have not the heart to turn away the sufferers. Alas! my courtiers and ladies are kept busy bringing suffering souls before mine eyes. Noble sir, counsel me that I may know how to bring peace and health to my kingdom. I do beseech vour noble Highness that I may know what is best and wisest to do in this case.

LANDRITH. We weep with thee, sad Queen; yet we have cause to fear that much of thy sorrow is not wholly necessary. Alas! I know full well that some of the sufferers do but say they suffer. They only seek thy companionship, methinks. To stop this plague, let not any rest within thy court, only on pain of banishment from the revels at Skalowski's. This will go to stop the maddening throngs that are slowly wearing thy heart away. My soldiers are at thy service.

Queen Lester. We know not how to show our gratitude, vet think not we are less grateful, because of our silence. I now beg leave of thy noble presence.

LANDRITH. Adieu, fair Queen, and may peace and joy be thine. [Exeunt QUEEN and TRAIN.

LANDRITH. Much engaged with business have we been to-day. I now needs must command all to withdraw from the court room. We will meet again this eve at moonlight. Go, Norrissa and Thompsetta, stir up the Belmont court to merriment. Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth. We shall spend the night in pomp, in triumph, and in revelry.

[Exeunt all.

Scene 2.—Belmont. A Hall of Recreation in the Palace.

[Enter King and all the court of Belmont, Queen Lester and Train, Count Euclid, Count Astrologia, Sir Allen, and others.]

LANDRITH. Norrissa and Thompsetta, what abridgment have you for this evening? What masque? What music? How shall we beguile the lazy time if not with some delight?

Norrissa and Thompsetta. Your noble Highness, we have devised a plan by which all may be made merry. Some will sing, others will dance—yea, all will enter into the gavety. Doth this please your grace?

LANDRITH. Well pleased am I with thy device. Let us now begin. We must not lose another gleam of this most glorious moon. Come, music, strike! Queen Lester, give me thy hand. Together we will trip it as we go on the light fantastic toe.

[King and Queen begin the dancing; others follow.]
Lord Henkel. Duchess Borden, wilt thou tread

a measure with me?

Duchess Borden. Aye, that I will, kind sir.

COUNT EUCLID [aside to COUNT ASTROLOGIA]. Let your gaze rest on you two damsels of grace, Lady Cooke and Lady Blalock by name. Dost not think they dance most featly, Astrologia? Would that these sweet maids would honor us with a turn. Let us approach them in a gentle manner.

COUNT ASTROLOGIA. We had best, good Euclid, cutreat His Highness, the King, to present us. Ah! here comes our friend, Sir Allen of Green House. Let us ask for his counsel.

ALLEN. Ah! my young nobles, are ye merry this eve?

EUCLID. Aye, lad, that we are. Yet we pine to speak with you fair maidens—the two who tread so lightly. Would that they might smile on us.

ALLEN. Fret not. Lift up thy countenances. Thy wish shall be granted. [Calls to Lady Cooke and Lady Blalock and bids them tarry but a moment.] I prithee, pretty damsels, pause. I would have a word with you. Here are two noble lords who yearn for one sweet look from your fair eyes.

Euclid. Gentle maids, scorn us not. Wilt thou

condescend to tread a measure with us?

Lady Blalock. You flatter us, noble lords. Glad will we be to tread with such as you. Dost dip well in your measures? We care for dipping. Quick! Turn from us. Here comes the King. He likes not for us to converse with swains. Meet us on the palace green, by moonlight, ere an hour is o'er. There we will stay for thee.

Astrologia and Euclid. Sweet loves, we swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow, in an hour truly will we meet with thee

[Astrologia and Euclid turn away. [The King approaches.]

LANDRITH. Lady Blalock, wilt thou favor us with song?

Lady Blalock. I will do as Your Highness desires.

[She sings.]

"Asleep, my love?
What, dead my dove?
O, Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A fomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips.
This cherry nose,
These yellow cow-slip cheeks
Are gone, are gone.
Lovers make moan!
His eyes are green as leeks."

PRINCESS HERON. This is the silliest stuff that I ever heard

EUCLID. Say not so, Princess. Mine ear is much enamour'd by the damsel's note. Faith, I believe I love the maid.

ASTROLOGIA. She is fair, yet I love not her fair as I do gentle Lady Cooke's fair. Ah! woe is me! Lady Cooke scorns to smile on me. The more I love her, the more she hateth me. I am sick when I look not on her. Euclid, teach me how you look, and with what art you sway the motion of your lady's heart.

EUCLID. I know not how to counsel thee. If thou wilt gaze on thy Love with indifference, it may be thou canst set the maiden thinking.

ASTROLOGIA. Thanks, good Euclid. Let us amble to the green. Perchance the maidens will follow soon. Ah! here comes Lady Cooke. I will speak with her, and see if I can, by chance, win her favor. [Lady Cooke approaches.] How now, sweet lady?

Lady Cooke. Count Astrologia, I wonder that you will still be talking. Nobody marks you.

Astrologia. Speak not so harshly. I love none but thee.

LADY COOKE. Bah! I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

ASTROLOGIA. Well, it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted. Methinks you will follow the other ladies' habit soon. I am now going to the green. If thou hast a mind to follow, do so. If not shun me, and I will spare thy haunts. Come, good Euclid, bid thy lady a sweet temporary farewell.

Lady Cooke. I hate you. O, how I hate you! EUCLID. Farewell, Lady Blalock, my own. Remember thou hast said thon wilt meet me on the green. Keep promise, love.

[Exeunt Euclid and Astrologia. [Enter servant, Johnnie.]

JOHNNIE. Your Highness, if you did but hear the peddler at the door, you would never dance again after a spinnet and a hand organ. No, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings, alas! too well.

LANDRITH. He shall come in. I love a merry ballad but even too well. Bring him hither.

[Exit servant.

[Enter Hesselberg, in disguise of a peddler, singing:]

"Gloves as sweet as damask roses, Masks for faces and for noses; Golden quoifs and stomachers, For my lads to give their dears; Pins and poking sticks of steel, What maids lack from head to heel. Come, buy of me, come; come, buy, Buy lads, or else your lasses cry."

Ross. If I were not in love with Lady Ross, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Lady Ross. I was promised them ere this revel.

and thon hast not kept thy promise well. Look to it that thou fret me not.

Lady Townsend. Then he had best buy them for thee. My Lord, take care that sweet Lady Ross looks not coldly on thee.

Ross. Is there no manners left among ladies, but you be whistling off these secrets and tittle-tattling before all the guests? Clamour your tongues, and not a word more. Peddler, come with me, and ladies, too. We'll have this out anon by ourselves. Follow me, girls.

[Execut Ross, Lady Ross, Lady Townsend, and Peddler.]

Duchess Borden. If Lady L. Maxwell wilt accompany me on the spinnet, I will sing a bit.

LANDRITH. Enough. Lady Maxwell canst but accompany thee from the hall. We'll have no more song to-night.

[Norrissa and Thompsetta dance before the guests.]

Queen Lester [to King]. I am aweary of this foolish prate. I fear I and my train must away.

LANDRITH. Gentle Queen, it behooves me not to

entreat thee to stay. I likewise am sick of so much empty babble. I see, too, some of our guests have slipped away.

Silence! in the hall, sweet friends, The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn As much as we this night have overwatched.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity, In nightly revels and new jollity.

Away! Make no noise, lest thou awake the sleeping lasses in the Palace; draw the curtain—so, so, so. We'll go to supper in the morning.

[Execut all. [Enter Time.]]

Time. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this and all is men led:
That you have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear.
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Time a liar call,
So, good night unto you all.

fExit.

END.



Belmont Receipts



LUDIE LOAF

Put through a meat grinder any pieces of flirt which you may have left over from the Monday before. To a quart of this add one medium-sized Henry and any number of Toms, Dicks, and Harries. Mix and then add two spoonfuls of hippancy and a few drops of happiness. Let the mixture stand as it is overnight, then mold into a large loaf and bake, When done, place on a platter of beauty, garnish with fresh Toms, Dicks, and Harries, and serve.



MILLICENT CUSTARD

Let one quart of kindness come to a boil; then thicken with four heaping teaspoonfuls of gentleness, which has been dissolved in a half cup of friendliness. Stir continually while boiling, then remove from the fire and pour into a clear conscience. Serve with bits of art talent.



GULLICK FRITTERS

Six cups of mischief stirred in twice the quantity of noise. Add a few drops of individuality mixed with a cup of generosity. Stir in as many shrill shrieks as possible and drop from spoons into hot lard. If this makes a great sputtering in frying, add a dash of unselfishness. Fry until crisp. Serve hot with a Martha sauce.



PATTIES A LA SYBIL

Into four cups of wisdom stir one cup of cleverness; then add first one cup of dignity, then one cup of neatness. Now roll out on a board floured with self-control and sprinkle with ability. Line your patty tins with sweetness. When cooked, fill patties with popularity sauce and serve on a diploma.



FAIRFAX DUMPLINGS

Sift four cups of ability (which has been used only slightly) three times then add a happy disposition, a bright countenance, and one cup of giggles. Add three well-beaten athletic stunts, cut into strips, and then steam for an hour.



BROWN PUDDING

Into a large pan of knowledge stir one-half cup of athletic ability, one cup of ambition, and two cups of literary talent. Add three tablespoonfuls of independence, which has been dissolved in two level cups of sense. Mix well and add a pinch of capability and two pinches of seriousness. Put into an oven and bake to a Mable-Roberta shade of brown.



HOOD CROUTONS

Cut enthusiastic college spirit in small cubes. Put dramatic and athletic ability into activity and stir. Add a spoonful of frankness mixed in a cup of capability. Pour this over the cubes.



MORRISON PIE

Make a crust of indifference and reserve. For the filling mix one cup of seriousness, one-half cup of quietness, and three-fourths cup of self-government. Flavor with loyalty. Boil until thick, pour into the crust, and bake in a quick oven.



GRESHAM COOKIES

Into fourteen cups of musical talent stir enough daintiness to make a nice dough. Add several generous trills which have been thoroughly steamed in scales. Knead well until it can be easily rolled. Cut in pieces and bake. These cookies, when done, have a most artistic finish.



CAMPBELL SANDWICHES

Mix equal parts of expression and vocal ability and add two cups of popularity. Moisten with attractiveness and season with tact. Spread this mixture between northern reserve of Virginia Specials.



SWIGGART CAKE

Two cups of sentiment, one cup of romantic talk, one-half cup of absent-mindedness, three-fourths cup of giggles. Mix well and beat until soft and creamy. Flavor with kisses, then bake in a slow oven. When the cake is done and is cool, make an icing of slush. Frost thickly.



WILSON CROQUETTES A LA LUCY

Chop fine two cups of sweetness, one cup of musical knowledge, and three spoonfuls of sunshine. Mold into cone shapes and fry. When ready to serve, pour over all a broad smile.



HALLER (COMBINATION) SALAD

Into a small bowl put one cup of unselfishness, one cup of selfopinion, one cup of continuous raving, and two cups of superiority. Into a larger bowl put one cup of wit, two cups of lovableness, one cup of cleverness, and one-half cup of nonsense. Pour the contents of the smaller bowl into the larger one and mix thoroughly. This is a pleasing combination.



Knock at the Door

Six girls sat under shaded light.

Trembling with fear and dread;

For the "lights-out" bell had rung for the night,

And the good girls had gone to bed.

But a box in shape of Santa Claus
Had arrived from home that day,
And their pallid faces were all because
Mrs. Sharpe might take it away.

Some one says, "Chicken!" in very low tones, "And candy, and cake, and pie!
We'll eat it all and suck the bones:
For to-morrow, it may be, we die."

Wherein Halingford Advocates Anti-Fussing



Christopher blinked his eyes in the warm sunlight, stretched himself on the leather-cushioned window seat, and went back to his doggish dreams. In the same spirit Halingford Smith read the letter through, slowly; then reread it. Deliberately he folded and slipped it back into the small envelope.

"Two forty-seven," he said at last, after study-

ing his watch for a full minute. "Dawson! Are

The fellow addressed emerged from the depths of a leather chair, and closed his book with a snap. He was unmistakably young—young in spite of the ponderous red and yellow volume, and thick, goldrimmed spectacles that balanced midway on his long, sharp nose.

"Two forty-seven," he repeated in a high metalic voice; then he stopped half across the room, and ran his long, nervous fingers through his thick black hair: "I say, Hal—I say, old fellow, where do I go at two forty-seven?"

Halingford smiled patiently and looked from Dawson to the other occupants of the room. Then he picked up his cap and twirled it in his fingers.

"Poly. Con. VII.," he prompted. "Then you come straight back to the house. Don't stop in at the library, for you've a necktie or so to pack."

The four other occupants of the room started and looked at Halingford eagerly. Even Christopher, the bulldog, raised his head.

"Train goes at six forty-five," Hal announced. "Arrives at ten five. Sister says they are expecting us. Now, remember, we are all antifussers. Sister has promised not to bother us. She has some historical colleague there for the vacation, but said individual is engaged in research work."

The eagerness in the faces died away, and four

pair of broad shoulders drooped perceptibly. Halingford turned out of the room and Dick Dawson hurried after him. A bang of the front door announced their departure, and was followed by a prolonged sigh from the occupants. Ted Rogers rolled his blue eves ceilingward; Howard Chauncey kicked viciously at the wastebasket: Rolland Flowers began pacing the floor, his hands deep in his coat pockets; while Tim Jarvis remained unmoved. Christopher stirred uneasily, got down from the window seat, and settled himself inquisitively on his haunches in front of Ted Rogers.

"Christopher Glenwood Smith!" Ted ejaculated gravely, taking the dog's massive head between his hands. Christopher answered with a resounding thud of his stumped tail: "What do you think of a

fellow like Halingford Smith?"

The dog broke away and scampered in circles about the room, throwing up his head now and then as he gave a resounding bark. Ted sank back in his chair and thrust his fingers helplessly into his ears. Rolland Flowers stopped in the middle of the room.

"Chris!" he thundered, "stop that noise!" The dog paused in his frantic capering and, crestfallen, went back to the window seat and looked sadly down

the street.

"Now." continued the man on the floor, "it's wholly unnecessary and a waste of time to agree that Hal Smith is an ungrateful wretch. Imagine a man so er-"

Tim groaned aloud: "O, forget it, Rollie!"

"Sure," echoed Howard Chauncey, "You know Hal always makes up for his lack of enthusiasm for femininity by something else."

"Hang it all, anyway," Ted complained. "When a fellow has the right sort of a sister, he either guards her with his very life or she's as indifferent as he is."

Howard Chauncev forgot his vicious attention to the wastebasket

"We'll inst get fleeting glimpses of her and the fair historian," Howard shivered and closed his eyes tightly—the fair historian seemed too much for him.

At ten forty-five that night five stalwart fellows swung off the "midnight owl." The station was almost deserted. A few outgoing passengers hurried on to the train, a newsboy cried his papers, and a solitary man rattled a truck, piled high with baggage, down the platform.

Ted Rogers left his traveling bags with the others and ran down to the baggage car. In the meantime, the door of the dimly-lighted waiting room opened and a middle-aged man came toward the little party. Hal went to meet him, and they stood apart from the others for a moment, then Hal turned to his companions.

"Father, this is Howard Chauncey, Rolland Flowers, Dick Dawson, Tim Jarvis, and Ted has gone

after Chris."

The elder Halingford Smith greeted them cordially. He was a big, hardy man with a genial smile

and keen blue eyes.

Just then Ted Rogers came up with Christopher tugging and vapping at the end of a chain. Hal led them across the platform and through the dingy little waiting room out another door and on to a narrow platform, where a motor car charged impatiently.

The night was still and clear. There was vet a nipping eagerness in the air, and the stars that seemed to hang low in the sky were growing dim before the rising of the first spring moon. The car sped swiftly through the quiet down-town streets and into the residence section. Only a few lights shone from the houses on either side, and now and then a small red light flashed into sight, as they

passed a waiting motor car. The ride continued for perhaps ten minutes, then suddenly the car swung sharply into a curving driveway and stopped under the portico of a large old-fashioned dwelling house. The front door opened, and a flood of warm, rosy light illumined the dark veranda. Hal bounded out of the car and up the steps with Christopher at his heels. And, to the five, waiting in the darkness there came a ripple of feminine delight and an "O, Hal!"

The next thing they knew Ted, Howard, Dick, Rolland, and Tim found themselves in the living hall warming their childed fingers before the glowing fire and trying to evade the frank, welcoming smile of Hal's sister. But what vain weathercocks were they! They who had promised to hold themselves aloof from any social intercourse—they, after maintaining a struggle for fully ten minutes, yielded to the warmth of the fire and the inviting eyes of Elenore Smith. Christopher slept at her feet, and even Dick Dawson forgot to think of the social problems of the day and contentedly watched the firelight play upon her face.

When the clock on the stair struck eleven, Elenore told them good night. The five watched her up to the landing. There she looked back at them, and they thought they heard a softer "Good night." Then she was gone, and the room had grown suddenly cold and the fire low, save to Christopher and his master, who, in the depths of an easy chair, closed his eyes and gave himself wholly to that indefinable quietness and restfulness of being home again.

Breakfast was a lonely meal for the five. They watched the door expectantly; ate their omelet and drank their coffee moodily. Hal was jubilant. He talked alternately of a spin in the country and luncheon at the Gun Club. He was called from the table to answer the telephone, and while he was away Dick fell to talking of the prevailing economic con-

ditions in a small town. The others did not seem to heed him, and for once Dickie talked on until Hal came back.

"What is the matter, Dickie?" he asked playfully. "Talking and not being stopped? You know Mr. Richard Dawson, this is vacation, and you can relieve your mind of the responsibility of the world."

"Capital idea, Dickie," Tim put in half-heartedly. Tim loved Hal devotedly, and in spite of the fact that his very heart had followed a fair-haired maiden up the stairs the night before, and as yet had not returned, he didn't want Hal to know he wasn't enjoying the antifussing club.

Dickie looked baffled and fingered his napkin.

"Remember Billy Sticton?" Hal went on. "That was he over the phone. His sister Emily is having a house party—boarding-school girls—and they are having a luncheon at the Gun Club."

"Where we are going?" interrupted Howard, and the breakfast room grew suddenly cheery.

"Unfortunately," Hal affirmed; then confided, as if to relieve their anxiety, "but we'll come back home. I told Billy, when he said he hoped we'd happen in, that we had other plans."

The meal was finished in silence. Hal wondered at his guests; but Tim seemed all right, and he soon forgot the sullen faces of the others. The day passed as Hal had planned, but late in the afternoon, upon returning home, they found, much to Hal's discomfiture and the delight of the five, a big red motor car in front of the house. And when the front door was opened a buzz of voices greeted them. Emily Sticton and the boarding-school girls were having tea with Elenore. Hal tried to pilot the five safely out of danger. Not so; Miss Emily was mistress of the situation, and Hal was glad to escape himself, while Ted, Howard, Rollie, and Dick

fell under the charms of Emily and her dainty be-

ribboned guests.

The next afternoon Halingford found himself alone with Tim. The others were off to a pink tea with the boarding-school girls. Tim balanced on the corner of the table and swung one foot methodically. Hal was holding a strap that Christopher growled and tugged at.

"Enough, Chris," he said, releasing his hold and watching the dog drop to the carpet, the strap between his paws. Then he turned to Tim: "Well, old chap, I see we are left alone in the antifussing

deal. What shall we do?"

Tim Jarvis grinned and shook his head. "Not I,

Hal. You see your sister has-"

Hal laughed, then addressed the unsuspecting Chris: "What have you to say for yourself, Sir Christopher? Have you, too, forsaken me?"

The dog upset a chair in his eagerness to show his fidelity. Tim vanished, and a little later Hal saw them—Tim and his sister—leave the house to-

gether.

Hal spent half an hour wandering about the house, Christopher untiringly at his side. On the mantle in the living hall he found a small black notebook. Thinking it was something of Elenore's, he picked it up. Scrawled across the title page, in bold, youthful script, was:

MARJORY K. KILLION, European History II. The Royal Session of June 23.

Halingford frowned, then his face brightened. "Ah! the mysterions historian that dwells somewhere in the remote regions of this house. I know there is one because of the trays of chocolate, toast, and marsh mallows Elsie takes up the back stairs.

Marjory K. Killion, the name nor the diet doesn't suit her. It should be—O, something like Minerva Comstock, and the diet hot water, soft eggs, and stale bread. Hal turned the leaves cautiously and read:

"1. Necker, Jacques.—De la révolution Française.
"2. Sevuzon le Duc, L.—Correspondance diplomatique du baron de Staël-Holstein.

"3. Desmoulius, Camille.—Oeuvres.

"4. Bailly, J. S.—Memoires.

"5. Mège, Francisque, Gaultier de Biauzat, sa vie

et sa correspondance.

"6. Mirabeau, le Comte de Courrier de Provence. Lettres de M. le Comte de Mirabeau à ses commettants.

"7. Barere, Bertrand,—Le point du jour."

He turned another page. The date "October 21" and "M. K. K." appeared at the foot, and under it, in an unfamiliar masculine hand, were the words: "Please, Marg., let me come." Then the owner of the book scrawled: "Can't, Tommy. I'm going to write my Royal Session; and, besides, I'm what Elenore calls 'anti-not-being-fussed."

Hal whistled softly. "And her name is Marjory," he said aloud. The notes on the next pages were less carefully made. Frequent blots appeared, and occasionally a pen sketch of a long-haired, big-eyed individual labeled accordingly. Hal skipped the notes, but read the comments of the owner. "Elnore," one read, "what did Necker say about wearing hats? Did they or not, and did they bow low to the king when they came in, or did they merely nod?"

The reply was in his sister's handwriting: "Margie, dear, I don't know; but I'm going to say

they did, and just nodded, for bowing low isn't one bit democratic."

On the last page in the book Hal found another entry in his sister's writing: "Halingford is bringing five of his fraternity brothers home for the vacation, but that can't possibly interfere with your Royal Session. Hal advocates antifussing, and even you, Marg., couldn't interest him."

Hal lingered upon the last sentence. A voice

startled him.

"And now may I have my book?" it said politely. Hal turned guiltily and faced a very demure bit of the detested femininity. He flushed. "I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I didn't know it was yours. I thought—I thought it was—er—belonged to the historian."

Her eyes were blue and she opened them wide. IIal thought she was going to smile, but instead she said gravely: "It is unfortunate that you should mistake my Royal Session for your friend the hos-

torian's notebook."

"Well, you see, the historian isn't exactly a friend of mine. She lives in the remote recesses of this house. We never see her, but we are told she is here. I'm sorry about the book. If I had known it belonged to you, I certainly would not even peeped inside."

The girl tucked the book under her arm. Hal thought she laughed softly as she went out of the front door. He watched the trim blue figure half a block down the street. Then he got his checkered cap and left the house, with Christopher at his heels. They followed her until she turned in at the city library, and waited an hour for her to come out. Hal threw sticks for Christopher to chase, and in the meantime determined to find out the identity of the owner of the Royal Session, her residence, and account for her presence in his own house. He grew

impatient, and, summoning all his indifference of manner, sauntered inside. He scanned the long, almost deserted reading room, until he found her at the farther end. She did not look up as Hal passed, nor did she notice him take a book from the shelf and

seat himself opposite her.

Hal looked at the girl across from him. A ponderous volume was opened on the table, and one inky finger traced its way back and forth across the page while she scribbled notes into the little black book. Only half of her face was visible beneath the jaunty hat—a very round chin, quizzical mouth, flushed cheeks, tips of rosy ears, and wayward locks of brown hair. Once she paused to rest her cramped fingers, and Hal moved uneasily. The girl raised her head, started slightly, and smiled. Hal was breathless, but the smile faded, and she seemed to remember something. Again she fell to her work, and the pen scratched untiringly. At last Hal took an envelope from his pocket and wrote on the back of it: "Are you doing research work on the Royal Session of June 23?"

He slipped the envelope across to her. She did not look up, but scribbled beneath his question: "Yes. Are you?"

"Did they wear hats?" Hal wrote back.

Marjory started a little, then looked at him as if in doubt. "I had trouble deciding, too; but I think they did," she wrote under his question, and imme-

diately became engrossed in her book.

The room emptied rapidly, and the green reading lamps were lighted. From the opened windows the noises of the street drifted in. Wagons rattled by, horses clattered by, motor cars sped honking by, and in the distance the clanging of the trolley cars, and yet with it all that quiet, restfulness of evening. The warmth of the sunshine had gone out of the air, and it was damp and chilly, yet heavy with the odor of

green and growing things. Hal felt the season in his singing blood, and as he looked at the girl across the table, he felt the flush and strength of his youth.

Then he saw his brindle and white bulldog dart joyfully in as the doors into the street swung slowly back and forth. Hal got up to put him out. To his surprise, Christopher trotted indifferently past him. "Chris," he called softly, thinking the dog had not seen him; but Christopher seemingly heard not. He went to the girl and laid his head in her lap. She put down her pen and patted his head with both her hands.

"Christopher!" Hal said sternly. The dog did

not move. The girl smiled.

"Lie down, Chris," she said softly. The dog obeyed and rested his muzzle on the hem of her skirt. The girl nodded her approval to Hal, who went back to the seat across from her.

Another envelope found its way across the table. "I saw you first in the house of my respective

parent. Then you hypnotized my devoted bulldog. Please tell me who you are."

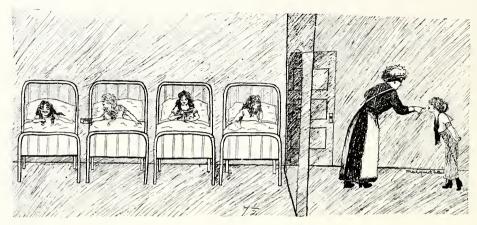
The answer that Hal read silenced him for fully five minutes. "Marjory K. Killion, Chief Instigator of Royal Sessions. Dwelling in the remote regions of the Hon, Halingford Smith's residence."

"Terry's is just around the corner." Hal whispered across to her. "Terry's is famous for hot chocolate and marsh mallows;" and, seeing her hesitate, he added: "You know it's perfectly all right, for I'm Elenore's brother."

In going out of the swinging doors of the city library, two young and very excited persons ran into a tall, severe-looking woman with a volume of "The French Revolution" under her arm. She frowned at them and her mouth straightened perceptibly, and she-turned to gaze after them through thick, gold-rimmed spectacles. He was a stalwart fellow in a checked cap; she was a trim little figure in blue, and at their heels was a brindle and white buildog.

MABLE ROBERTA BROWN.





Infirmary

(Copied from 1911 Annual.)

Third-floor founders, just to the right, Infirmary's open both day and night.

Measles in there, and chicken pox, too: Girls that don't know lessons and girls that do.

Monday it's lonesome—girls in town; Tuesday, a rush—they want to lie down.

Candy they've eaten and other things sweet. Girls are imprudent—won't be discreet.

Complexions get had—isn't that strange? They want to go home, "just for a change."

Too much practice—girls can't stand it.
"Cut down her work!" Parents demand it.

Excused from church when Sunday comes 'roun'; Has blues on Monday—can't go to town.

Things in dining room don't suit to eat; Wants eggs and toast—not any meat.

She eats in her room as long as she's able; Appetite's gone when she gets to the table.

Teacher gets scared—goes for the nurse; Doctor is called, lest she get worse,

Doses she takes to make her eat, Though she dislikes 'em-both eggs and meat.

From beginning to end every year: Girls can't help it, but it does look queer.

Bad off of a morning, and well so quick;
It may be the truth, but it looks like a trick.

VAN LESTER.







CLUBS





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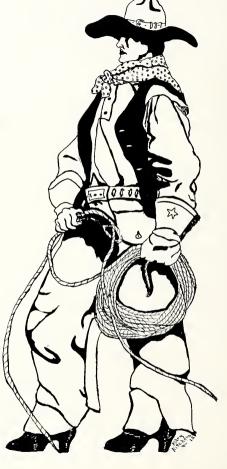
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ALICE JONES





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Grace Frain, Colorado				. T	reas	ure	?r		

GRACE FRAIN, Colorado
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OFFICERS

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IONE MONTGOMERY .																	Vice	e F	Presi	den	t
Ione Brown																8e	creto	xy	/		
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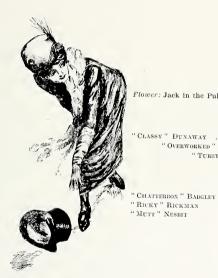
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Della Clayton Tennessee
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Meadie Exum Mississippi
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Nora E. Trousdale, Tampa		Secretary
Minnie McCaskill, De Funi	ak Springs	Treasurer
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	ELEANOR INMAN Florence Villa	



1912 Courtiers

Flower: Jack in the Pulpit

Motto: "Men may come or men may go, And we go chasing after."

Color: Necktie Red

Candy: Jelly Bean

OFFICERS

CLASSY " DUNAWAY														,	Object its	0	. 4
"OVERWORKED" CAMPRELL										•				. (oniej mu	n se	eker
"OVERWORKED" CAMPBELI			•			•								U_{I}	nderstud:	y	
"Turby" Coffin	G							. C	ust	odi	an	of	Ca	ptive	8		
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ORDINARY SEEKERS

٠.	Jeff"	Brown
**	SHY" 1	HENDERSON
4.6	BUNNY	" Atterbury

"FICKLE" MILLER "FATTY " KENOWER

"SWEETY" MCCLEAN

EXPELLED MEMBER

"MAN-HATER" LONG

Big-Bow Club

OFFICERS

						Or.	LIC	EK												
EVELYN	Pettus																	. Chie	f Bow	Tie
	NANCY LOUISE OLIVER				 											Chie	f Bow	Inspec	or	
	MARGARET CREI	GHTON														Chief	Cutt	er		
	LUDIE	TEAM .			 								CI	hief	B	uyer				

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LUCHE BOYDSTON
ZETTA JONES
WILMA POLK
LUDIE TEAM
EVELYN PETTUS
NANCY LOUISE OLIVER
ETHEL SCHUMAN
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GRACE KIDD
CLARA PARKS

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ESTHER BASKETTE
MARIE GRESHAM
ALINE GULLEDGE
SUSIE MCLEAN
MARY MCKENSON
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LUCILE EDGERTON
LOSE BROWN

ROSAMOND HARRIS
CATHERINE CLARK
GERTRUDE GIDDINGS
KATE BADGER
GLADYS BINFORD
FAIRFAN JANIN
EVELYN PEARCY
MARGARET WORTHAM
EVEL MARGARET RICKMAN
EULALIE SNYDER
LARISSA KITTRELL
LARISSA KITTRELL

VIRGINIA MADDON
VENDIA ERLUND
CLOTILDE HART
FLORENCE TOWNS
EMMA WHITE
CORINNE SMITH
RUTH PARKS
AGNES SMITH
ANNIE LAURA MARLEY
LUCIE PORTER TERRY
PALLINEA ATTERREY





"Breakers"

....

	111,231,1231		
Rule Breaker	 Ada Norris	Little Breaker Aline Gul	LEDGE
Jaw Breaker	 . NANCY OLIVER	Dancing Breaker Agnes S	мітн
Speed Breaker	 Cora Gregg	Uniform Breaker Ludie	TEAM
Beauty Breaker	 . Grace Caldwell	Silence Breaker Helen V	Voons
Some Breaker	 Margaret Creighton	Ice Breaker Mary Kitch	HENS
Heart Breaker	 , , Evelyn Pettus	Commandment Breaker MARGARET RICE	KMAN



"La Mariposa"

Loftiest Ambition: To be high flyers

Madame Butterfly Alice Jones	The Daring Butterfly Fairfax Janin
Gay Butterfly Sue Spell	The Slow Flyer BEAUFORD TWEEDY
Dashing Butterfly NANCY LOUISE OLIVER	Chrysalis Lucile Snyder
Gaudy Butterfly Marie Pease	The Flitting Butterfly Armene Tweedy
Shy Butterfly Larissa Kittrell	The Flashing Butterfly Katherine Hooker
The Fastest Flyer EULALIE SAYDER	The Hummer Aline Gulledge



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 . President

 TIM MONTGOMERY
 Vice President

 BILLE TREMANN
 Secretary

 TED OLIVER
 Treasurer

MEMBERS

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ROBBY DEAN JOHNNIE SMITH
BILL BROWN PORTER TERRY

TIM MARLEY LYNN PETTUS JACK NEWMAN RALPH MOORMAN HARRIE MADDOX TOM GILLASPIE





Riding Club

OFFICERS

PAULINE ATTERBURY														President
MADELINE SWAIM												$Vi\epsilon$	e	President
LEE EDDA CAMPI	BELL								1	Seci	rete	ary-	T_i	reasurer
MARLE ROBERT	RRO	w v	Lo	arts	FΩ	TIVI	e D	E	rei	nti	no	Con	ma	mittee

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IONE BROWN JEAN BROWN LUCY CATHERINE COOPER LAURA L. DAVIS MILDRED DICKSON ELIZABETH GODSHALL HENRIETTA E. GRUNEWALD MYRTLE MOORE IONE HARR CLOTILDE HART MARGARET HAYNES IDA MARY HOOD

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Stand-By Club

.

Flower: Cocklebur

Motto: "Keep at it till you get it" Candy: Stick Candy

STICKERS

SYBIL LOEWENBERG

Color: Anything that won't fade

PAULINE ATTERBURY

IDA HOOD

Effie Wooten

IONE MONTGOMERY



DAY PUPILS



Motto: Hang together'

Color: Blue and Gold Flower: Forget-Me-Not OFFICERS ALICE WILSON D is for day students digging for school;

A is for all of them breaking the rules;

Y is for you who are always late;

S is for scolding that will be your fate:

T is for Tuesday, the first school day:

U is for useless-"no matinee;"

D is for duties only half done;

E is for everybody on the run;

N is for nobody prepared to recite; T is for together we work late at night;

8 is for Saturday, students' delight. IDA HOOVER

The number of day students we have is fifty. A fine crowd they are, and very thrifty,

They come in the morning and stay until late; And if they leave early, then had is their fate.

Over the 'phone Mrs. Borden does say:

"We are missing your daughter very much to-day." "Why, is she not there?" the mother replies.

"She left home in time," she says, in surprise.

"Not here," Mrs. Borden severe does respond, "And of her studies I am afraid she's not fond."

"Daughter will he there to-morrow; of this I am certain, For to-night there'll be heard just back of the curtain The voice of chastisement my daughter's receiving. Which will benefit her beyond all conceiving." Mrs. Borden haugs up with a sigh of relief:

Yet of these statements she lacks in belief. Thus on it goes from day unto day.

The same old story in the same old way. TWO OF 'EW.

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE

School of Household Economics

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

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IBENE BARNWELL
ISABEL BEST
JEAN BROWN
MABLE ROBERTA BROWN
GRACE BRYAN
FLORENCE BURGIN
MARY BURTON
DOROTHY CALHOUN
IDA CHAMBERLAIN
ETHEL CALVERT
FAY CARLSON
MRS. ANNIE CAWTHORNE
CLARA CLARK
MARGABET CLARK

BECKWITH BAIRD
IRENE BARNWELL
ELMIRE BELL
JEAN BROWN
FLORENCE BURGIN
FAY CARLSON
ALINE CARPENTER
JOYCE CREEL

JOYCE CREEL

JOSEPHINE DARLING MARGARET DOUGLAS ALINE EMMERSON PAULINE FISHER KATHERINE FLINCHUM HARRIETT GOODIN NINA GORDON CORA GREGG EMMA GRIFFIN Myrtis Goff ADELAIDE HAGGARD ELMA HALLER MARY HALLER MARGARET HARKINS IONE HARR NORMA HARRIS

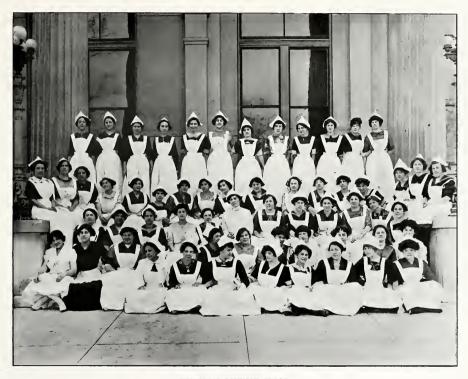
MATIDE HART REBA HEXDERSON MARY HENDRICKS RUTH HERVEY MATTIE JACOBY ALICE JONES Mary Louise Jensen GRACE KIDD GLADYS LONG MARGUERITE LONG LOUISE MAINS PAULINE McCAIN ADELAIDE MCCALL MINNIE McCaskill JULIETTE MERIWETHER MARGARET MILLER

DOMESTIC ART

MARGARET DOUGLAS NELLIE FEWEL HULDAH GARTH EULA MAY GILLASPIE ELMA HALLER MARY HALLER MARGARET HARKINS NORMA HARRIS MAUDE HART
MARY HOUSTON
RUTH HERVEY
MABEL KING
GLADYS LONG
MINNIE MCCASKILL
LOUISE NEILSON
MARTHA NUPPNAU

IONE MONTGOMERY CLOE MORGAN LOUISE NEILSON ADA NORRIS PAULINE PADDOCK CLARE PARKS RUTH PARKS MARIE PEASE EVELYN PETTUS Enna Pitts KATHARINE QUAILE ETHEL SCHUMANN FLORING SILING MARY SUE WALLACE MARY WILSON MABEL WITT JULIETTE WOLCOTT

PAULINE PADDOCK
EDNA PITTS
EVADNA PRICE
KATHARINE QUALLE
BENNYE MAE ROQUEMORE
LUCILE RUCKER
EDNA STOWER
LUCY WILLIAMS



DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS





Senior Domestic Science Class

Motto: "Science applied to woman's sphere"

Colors: Pink and White

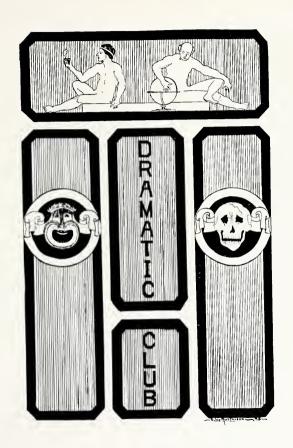
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	Ada Norris														Sec	creta	ru			
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DIPLOMA GIRLS

JULIETTE WOLCOTT

PAULINE PADDOCK

Elma Haller	GLADYS LONG	CERTIFICATE GIRLS NORMA HARRIS	MARY LOUISE JENSEN	Mrs. Cawthorne
Beckwith Baird	ALINE EMMERSON	SENIOR CLASS NORMA HARRIS	MARY LOUISE JENSEN	Pauline Paddock
Mrs. Cawthorne Ida Chamberlain	ELMA HALLER MARY HALLER	IONE HARG MAUDE HART	GLADYS LONG ADA NORRIS	JULIETTE WOLCOTT



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To our devoted friend, teacher, and counselor, Miss Townsend, in loving gratefulness, we dedicate this department.

A Boy's Point of View

A home is just a place to go from and come to. It is a real good place to come to after one has spent the summer in a crowded hotel at a summer resort. Home is a fine place to come to when a fellow tackles you what is bigger than you. It's just the place to get your cut fingers and stumped toes tied up.

There are many kinds of homes, and I guess they are all for about the same things, but they aren't all used alike. My dad thinks home is a place to come to after he's all tired out from the day's work, and find everything nice and clean, so's he can read his paper and be comfortable—least that's what I heard

him tell mother.

Most mothers think home is a place to stay and mend up clothes, and make good things for their boys to eat. That's what Jim Smith's mother thinks: but my mother is different. Course I love her better'n anybody in the world, and she's lots sweeter to me than dad, but when it comes to home -well, she ain't much on that. My mother's more for clubs and guilds and aids and things like that. She thinks about like dad about coming home at night and being comfortable and eating a good dinner our hired girl has fixed. And home is a good place for mother to have her study, where she writes her club papers and speeches. Sometimes I just wish she didn't have no desk or nothin', 'cause when she's there she won't let me come near her. Mother says they's plenty of folks who can make up beds and cook and darn fellow's stockings, and they can't do nothing else, and she thinks she ought to do other things; and besides, she's too busy—so she says.

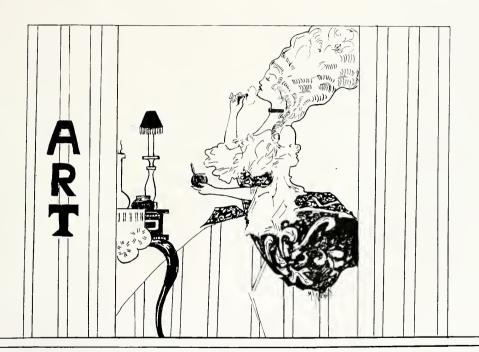
Home is a fine place to keep the telephone, too; for when mother comes home to eat and sleep, her friends can always talk to her over the telephone.

Mother says she loves home, but sometimes I can't understand that, for she seems to 'most forget to come home; and when she gets there late for dinner. she just comes smiling and kisses us all around and says: "The club meetin' was just the finest to-day I ever saw." And then, as we all gather 'round the dinner that dad and sis have got up, 'cause the cook don't come sometimes, and we all get still and glum. like we expect something to happen, and mother just gets so full of talk, and she tells us how she's been learning to make the new kinds of desserts and how everybody at the club liked her new speech on "How to Live on Nothing a Year," or some such stuff; then she helps herself to soup dad bought at the grocery store on the corner and declares; "I am certainly a lucky woman to be invited to speak at such an important meeting."

But for me, I think one of the bad things about a nice home is that a fellow has to take up so much of his time cleaning up and combing his hair. Two things I ain't going to have in my home when I'm a man is a comb and a bath tub. I've had enough of them two things. I'd love to be an Indian boy, so's when I wanted a bath—if I ever did—I could go to the swimmin' hole where there's some fun in bathing. Most every morning I have to leave the table and, "Run, wash your face, Johnny." When I'm a man I ain't going to allow no manners in my home, neither. I don't care who comes. If a fellow can't go without manners in his own home, what's the use of having a home.

That's all there is to a home—anyway, if your mother is a club woman. But you jest bet your life I'm glad my mother ain't like Jim Smith's, anyway.

N. S. O.



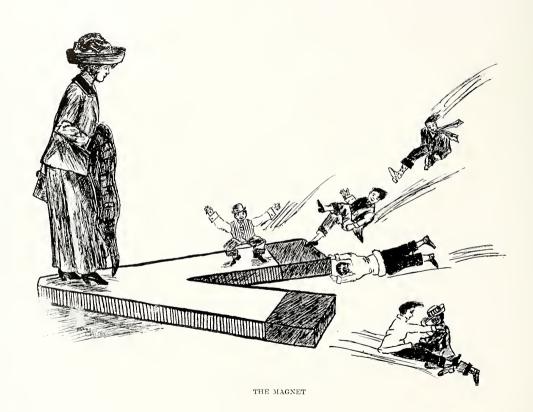
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Mrs. Sophie Gieske-Berry
Piano

LOVE MAXWELL
Piano

Franziska Heinrich
Piano

MADAME HEINRICH Piano

LELIA WHEELER

Edithe Roberts

Mrs. Forrest Voice

Marel L. Parmelee Theory, Hormony, History of Music

> Harry A. Ross Violin

FREDERICK ARTHUR HENKEL Pipe Organ and Piano



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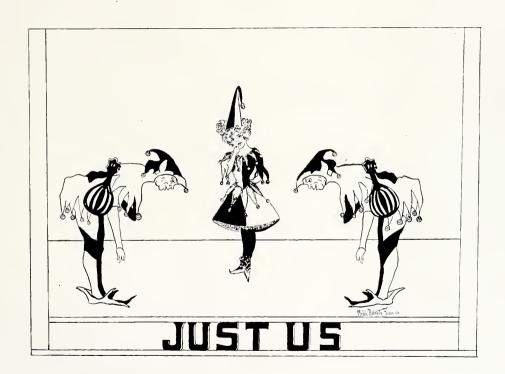












Belmont Calendar, 1911-1912

September 20, Thursday. Faces traced with weeping, timid feet, and shy voices filled with tearful sobs, report at Belmont.

September 23, Sunday. Attend services. Sermon text: "Thoughts of Mothers." Song: "Tell Mother I'll Be There." Main topic in sermon: "Think of the loved ones at home far away. Study well, dear girls: don't disappoint your loving parents, and, above all, do not get homesick." Of course none of the girls were homesick (?) at this time of the year, so the sermon was received amid oceans of tears. Tears fell so heavily that it was necessary to protect one's self with an umbrella.

September 24, Monday. Belmont goes to town and takes bird's-eye view of Skalowski's, Mitchell's, Decker's, Fifth Avenue, and Vanderbilt students.

SEPTEMBER 28, THURSDAY. Much rushing of new girls. "Isn't she the most attractive thing in the world?" "We must have her." "You know we can get her if we want her."

September 30, Saturday. "Spiking" day. "Everything is simply grand." "Didn't get a single turn down." "Got just who we wanted."

October 1. School is in good running order. "Cruel" teachers assign long, tedious lessons to homesick girls. No study, no eat, no sleep.

OCTOBER 4. Miss Thompson and Miss Norris start new effects in dancing—"just to be thrown with the girls."

October 12. Sue S. wakes up one morning to find that she "adores Miss Blalock." News of this "crush" spreads rapidly. The crushes stay much together.

OCTOBER 16. Result of Domestic Science dinner to Faculty: Dr. Landrith dangerously ill; Misses Maxwell and Wendel cannot meet classes; Miss Cooke poisoned; Miss Blalock has hysterics; and Miss Heron faints by the wayside.

October 20. Vanderbilt students, arrayed all in white.

Parade Belmont campus on this Saturday night.

OCTOBER 22. Mr. Vanderbilt calls on Miss Belmont by daylight (10:30 A.M.). Miss Belmont welcomes her guest with open arms. Dr. Landrith frowned not on this sight.

October 25. Annie Laurie Marley announces her engagement. "He is a missionary to a heathen land." Shows his photograph. "İsn't he too darling for words." "I am the happiest girl imaginable." "Isn't he brave to go among those savage people."

OCTOBER 31. Ye witches night. Belmont passes the night in peaceful (?) quietude (.?).

November 2. Following announcement in chapel: "All young ladies so desiring may let their gentlemen friends know that they will be allowed to go to the Thanksgiving football game unchaperoned."

NOVEMBER 12. Marie Stoner and Gladys Binford are "campused" for refusing to firt with "friends" at Skalowski's. Miss Parmelee urged the young ladies not to act so impolite and rude as not to return the gentlemen's glances. The young ladies refused. Miss Parmelee reported.

Thanksgiving. Vanderbilt-Sewanee game; dinner; reception and (more or less of a) dance (?) in Recreation Hall at night. "Many a youth added to the joy of the hour."

December 1. Talk in chapel on "Individual Table Pride and Responsibility."

DECEMBER 5. Miss Blalock and Sue still "crushing." Miss Cooke jealous.

DECEMBER 7. Talk in chapel on "Johnnie Had Better Save that Ten Cents."

DECEMBER 12. Third Floor Founders in confusion. Wild shrieks, tearing of hair, Katherine Hooker, alas! in the midst of it all. "Newt's" daily letter failed to arrive.

DECEMBER 19. Talk in chapel on "Don't Have Johnnie at the Train to Say Good-by, I Would Hate to Have to Throw Him off the Platform. It Might Hurt Him."

December 20. Leave for Xmas holidays.

January 6. Miss Maxwell assigns short lessons for following week—"Heart of Midlothian,"
"Pride and Prejudice." and a Tennyson theme.

January 10. Theta Kappa Deltas and Sigma Iota Chis give dance at Hermitage. Big success. (All a dream.)

January 15. Nancey Louise Oliver and Alice Jones and Hazel Wilson elected to S. R. S. C. Roll.

January 20. Daffydil craze easts its magic spell over Belmont. No studying. Teachers give up. Students will not answer questions for fear of having a daffydil "slipped over them."

January 30. Miss Katherine Ruble chaperons (?) party to Vanderbilt.

FEBRUARY 2. Miss Blalock "drops" Sue. The "jilted one" goes to the infirmary, and there has her dark hour alone and unseen.

FEBRUARY 12. Marie and Mary B. appear in recital under direction of expression instructors (Hazel and Ida). The play given is "The Light That Failed."

February 14. Cupids' Day at Belmont. Crush craze starts afresh.

February 22. Expression Seniors formally open Y. M. C. A. Theater with heavy tragedy.

February 29. Sylvia Pankhurst bursts, like a thundercloud, into the serenity and peacefulness of Belmont. "Votes for women" plea wins many couverts. Mildred Cotton has wild desire to follow Sylvia, but is shown the error of her way by Miss Thompson (?).

March 1. Girls are urged to stay at home from such as "Spring Maid," "Madame Butterfly," "La Bohême," "Sothern and Marlowe," and cultivate the habit of studying.

March 8. Wonders of wonders! That rare and forbidden object, "man," enters Belmont. Not only one, but a throng of such storm the Belmont Castle and cause much merriment and excitement. In plain words, Castle Heights honored us with an extremely elever entertainment. The Domestic Science Seniors served an elaborate dinner to these guests.

March 10. Grief throughout Belmont on account of unusual amount of illness at Castle Heights. Domestic Science Department sued for damages.

March 12. Sea-foam green and shell-pink ribbons floating around Belmont. Much curiosity. Every one interested. Twelve maidens look wise. No explanation; much disappointment.

March 16. Dr. Landrith chaperons Aline and her friend to Fifth Avenue Theater to see the tragedy, "Separation is Not for Always."

March 18. Holiday as a reward for dining room and corridor quiet.

March 25. Everybody pays excess laundry.

March 28. Red-Letter Tuesday in Belmont. Only sixty-five in infirmary.

April 1. O April Fool, We had school!

April 5-9. Easter Holidays. (Another dream.)

APRIL 12. Ethel Griffin gets a desperate crush on Miss A. A. Maxwell. Flowers, notes, candy, and love poems pour into First Floor Fidelity.

April 25. Something is wrong. Kate Quaile has only been into Miss Frysinger's room seventy-five times.

April 28. Special Diploma Class receive privilege (?) of going to town unchaperoned.

April 30. Self-Regs, rushed by Non-Self-Regs. No bids given.

May 1. Gladys Long didn't wear her black dress to-day.

Max 4. Cotillion Club gives leap-year dance at the Maxwell.

May 5. "La Mariposa" attempts flight from Third Floor Founders. Miss L. Maxwell, with her butterfly net, captures the whole flight, and thus the butterflies are left to beat their wings against the prison wall—for how long? None but Miss Maxwell can say.

May 6-18. Elaborate preparation for recordbreaking commencement.

May 19, Sunday. Address to Seniors through famous Edison phonograph. Subject: "Don't Be Left Behind."

May 20. Expression School plays: "Deserted at the Altar."

May 21. Park Day. Numerous farewells given to faithful (?) Johnnies. Têtê-a-têtê in summer houses. Chaperon, Signor Hoover.

May 22. Senior Grande Finale.

May 23. They're going away
On this spring day;
And while we're glad
We still are sad,
Because—well, we can't say,



Belmont Beaux

Two things there exist that are dear to a girl, Two things that will set a maid's brain in a whirl. The Faculty doth hate these things that are two. "Disgusting," they say; "so foolish to do."

The President frowns when these things come in sight. To banish them both he hath tried with much might. His face, full of frowns, makes the things ill at ease; But the sweet maids, bewitching, encourage both these.

You can't guess this conundrum or to the answer be led?

Both are large and good looking and go to a girl's head.

You still can't imagine? Is there no one who knows

That the only possible answer is: "Belmont's famous beaux?"

A. G.

A dipper so dippy that she was dippingly tall, and a dipper so dippy she was dippingly small, dipping and dipping and dipping all 'round, dipped and redipped to outdip all the town. So dippily they dipped that they got dippy dip, and dippily dipping caused a dippingly slip. Other dippers, in dipping, knocked the two dippers a trip; they all dipped and they tripped and they dipped till two slips caused the dippingly dippers to dip to dippingly dip.

A. G.



Dissipation as Seen at Belmont





"COUNT FIFTY INTO THE FIRST CAR!"



Condemned

Where are the dances of long, long ago? Where are the trippers of the fantastic toe? Where are the graces and courtesies as well? Ask you vanished spirits, for we cannot tell.

Alas! Where's the grizzly, the angle, the trot, The bunny, the chaincy, and all the what not? The dipper who swayingly bends to a sway? Ask Mrs. Borden, for she's who can say.

Condemned are all dances. O, what can be done? Who'll invent a new dance that'll endure a long run? For "motion perpetual" scientists have tried; Why not for a dance that perhaps would abide?

A. G.

To the Self-Regulating Roll

Who said that all girls were frivolous and gay; That they all walked along in a self-conscious way: That they talked and giggled with all their might. And flirted with every man in sight?

We admit that this may be true sometimes; Prohably some girls do commit such crimes; But have you seen our girls in brown Who alone go unchaperoned to town?

These are the girls who keep order at all times. Who take up the roll and collect the dimes. They are willing to work with all their might, And are always studious, happy, and bright.

So we take off our hats to the faithful few. To these Belmont girls so loval and true. The pride of Belmont, her shining star, Is this time-honored body, the S. R. S. C. R.

E. B.

Rising-Bell Ode

(Lines written a few feet below the rising-bell tower.)

Ring, ring, ring. O bell, in the dawning day! And I would that my hands could muffle The sounds that float my way.

O, well for the book-worn lady Who arises with the sun to cram! O, well for the nervous lady Who fears she'll flunk on exam.!

But for the rest of the sleeping maidens Who must rise against their will. O bell in the tower ringing, We entreat you in peace be still!

Ring, ring, ring! From thy loud peals let me flee, For the precious sleep you steal away Will never come back to me. A. G. Monotony

Nothing to do but study. Nowhere to go but to school. Nothing to hear but preaching, Nothing to break but the rule.

Nothing to drink but water. Nothing to eat but grits, No way to feel but homesick, Nothing to have but fits.

Nothing is ever different, It's all old under the sun; Nothing to do in Belmont That other girls haven't done.

L. M.

Girls, has it ever occurred to you that you will be lost-lost. I say-after commencement without the ringing of that "dear" old bell? If you don't approve of that adjective, just scratch it out. I had to put it in "for your sakes, girls-for your sakes. It isn't for me. Why, I can sleep through all kinds of noises-if they are legitimate. Now, I do hope I've made myself clear, That's what might be called drifting from my subject, but you don't mind your intelligence being insulted just this once (?).

But back to the bell question. Supposing from the lack of a rising bell you should sleep on for a week or two; also, how could you ever guess when it would be mealtime? How would you know when to go out, when to stay in, when to visit your family, when to stop visiting, when Sunday would begin and at exactly what minute it would end? Girls, girls, never speak of our dear, good, old bell (you notice my adjectives are increasing in number and in depth of feeling) in anything but loving terms; for not until you have left your Alma Mater will you know how extremely important and necessary to your very life was that dearest of friends, who told you when to walk, to talk, to sleep, to eat, to study, to play, when night, when day, when to breathe-only real sympathetic natures are sensitive to its guidance in respiration.

Now that I may not be obliged to "tumble in the dark-for no nice, sweet, dear, pretty girl does that "-and principally because there's a mouse playing tag around my floor, making my present (condi)position of safety not exactly graceful or comfortable, I will desist. But pray be not so saddened over the thoughts of not hearing that dear voice again; for, to most of you at least, some day in the near future you will hear a bell whose ringing, I hope, will be almost as welcome as the rising bell. F. H. S.



Ballad of the Laundryman

A laundryman—right bold was he. He had a solemn air. Like pirates old who sailed the sea, He robbed the young and fair.

His heart was stern, his heart was cold, And so eke was his eye. He loved the sound of woe, I'm told; He loved a human sigh. He reigned supreme one day in seven Where maidens came to school; He said for power of earth or heaven He would not change this rule.

The girl who fails to bring her gold
Before the clock strikes eight—
Her head comes off; she's dead and cold.
She well deserves her fate.

Those maidens raved, those maidens wept, Implored the laundryman; But cruel was the law he kept, That hall with blood now ran. And week by week he counts each head When points that clock to eight. He laughs with glee to see the dead Who meet this sad, sad fate.

This ballad of the maidens fair
And lanudryman so bold
Warns all late girls to have a care,
Lest they be dead and cold.

Daffydils

All was quiet within the great, dark chapel. The only sound that broke the intense stillness was the great pipe organ rehearsing "Alexander's Rag-Time Band." The lecturer addressing the college inmates, threw his hands to his head, and clutching his hair wildly, exclaimed in a hoarse whisper: "The great question that is before us to-day is this: If there were no Belmont, how could Nona Reid and Sue Spell?"

Georgia Gulick, the leader of the Missionary Volunteer Band, was slowly melting herself in a stew. The cannibals had put her in the large pot, and soon she was to be finished. Suddenly pulling a book from her pocket, she turned to page twenty-three and read: "If the 'Blue and Bronze' is read, why is Jewel Green?"

All night long the great storm raged. The heavy atmosphere clung to earth. One by one the great buildings of the city were torn asunder. At last the terrible cyclone swept over Belmont, and in its greedy clutch snatched Fidelity Hall from the ground. Far in the distance came a faint voice, crying: "If Miss Wendel had a misunderstanding with her friend, the literature teacher, would Buda Love Maxwell?"

The suffragette was speaking in the Auditorium. Her look was wild, her manner queer, and her tone most harsh. From her seat in the balcony Miss Thompson arose and said: "One question, please. If Miss Roberts could not walk, would Lelia Wheeler?"

Alice and Marie were climbing Lookout Mountain. As they neared the top, Marie slipped and began to fall down the steep incline. Alice watched the approaching tragic death of her friend with sad eyes. At last Marie reached the bottom, and all was still for an awful minute. Suddenly Marie arose from her deathbed and called up wildly to the startled Alice: 'If the sky is blue, is Ione Brown?'

Belmont was burning. Already the massive roof was caving in. High on the top fire escape stood a fair maiden. A fireman shouted for her to descend. Dr. Landrith entreated her to come down. People called to her to jump; but, alas! she only shook her head, and as the flames covered her body she was heard to moan: "If Miss Blalock went to housekeeping, would Sarah B. Cooke?"

The funeral was over. Little Nell had been placed 'neath the sod. All eyes were red with laughter. It had been a most hysterical entertainment. The funeral dirge sounded throughout the graveyard. In the chief mourners' carriage a fignre rocked to and fro muttering a strange language. At last this heart-breaking question arose like a bird's song on the summer air: "If Nell Burns and Annie Lizzie Hurt, will ice cream?"

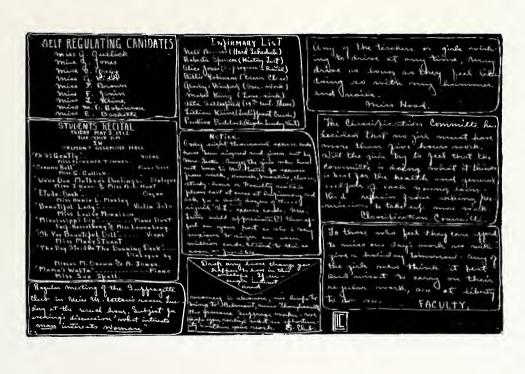
Amid loud applause she took her place on the Belmont stage. She was the college favorite. In a dramatic way she sweetly said: "If she goes to the mail to express her love, where will Wells Fargo?" This was said and done so artistically that she was encored. Coming back she said, in timid and bewitching manner: "If Nellie F(w)ell down, would Marie Stoner and the egg beater?" and: "If Montrose to go, do yon suppose Helen and Mildred Wood?"

Fidelity was in great confusion. Miss Jarman had fainted. Mrs. Lester rushed down stairs and applied smelling salts to the lifeless form upon the floor. Miss Jarman did not regain conscionsness. Water was thrown in her face. This did not revive her. The patient was lifted from the floor by tender and loving hands. She lay upon her bed, white and still. "Alas!" her friends said, "she is soon to die." At this, Miss Jarman opened her eyes, and said: "Such a joke on you, my friends. You thought I had kicked the bucket when I turned a little pale (pail)."

Mrs. Borden was weeping. All efforts to console her had proved useless. The girls were at loss as to what was best to do. One wild shriek after another rang out through the chapel. Dr. Landrith and the rest of the Faculty tore madly into the chapel. They asked questions. They learned nothing. A physician was summoned. After a few minutes' questioning from this learned man of medicine, Mrs. Borden raised her head, and, with a voice full of tears, said: "I was just thinking that if Lorita Moore took her roommate's uniform, what would Genevieve Ware!"

She had been summoned to the awful presence of the Chief Executive of Belmont. Tremblingly she knocked at the door of that dread (?) place, the Executive's office. In a voice of thunder he bade her enter. With bowed head and clasped hands she fell on her knees. Lifting her head, she begged him to spare her life. To her, the Chief Executive replied: "I will spare your life, sad maiden, if you will answer one question: If the rising bell sounds, will the diamond ring?"

ATTRACTIONS OF THE WEEK IN MASHVILLE Following is a list for chapterones The young ladies will be allowed no to mil of the consumer star-Methodist Church]
[Boptist Church]
[Miss (Kliss . transments Preide it were somithe The y. W. C. A. will sall Shaloweris Eundy tomorrow. This will save the Brice Parmere know. PRESSYTERIOR MISS MARIE TREPTAN will affect . heavy truspedy sight winter out young ladice the great trouble of go. 1 missmaring ing of these on morelan This week of Filth on Theorie when are well to the shiring of Miss Grace Kind , Precident & Chairting ! The y, w. C. A. will self ice cream Prince Diskett and Brind towirst between 1 and 9:80, We canthe Michville M. W. C. A. with tol Gexpect any profit unless the mines & Symmet and 3. Shall at the new of m. c. I. mist rite (myit) Please do not come Saturday night. Subject Proces rates I wine Brown The Pick shapping Tonlies lawn after light bell and take mum left our. Siele Albun tod! Paris . VANDERBILT PLAY - Term. Fifth hVE. Thentar W. W. C. A. will have it reging might IN JEAKCH ular meeting nedwesday night buy OF AWIFE interesting pringram has been whenever The riving indice will please "One day next Tuesday are Trasprille Jenn. the young fraise of decishing Dear telmont: West to thank miss armen Tweedy for the following; one box of mercion to searce off about the entire lay on candy fue donen umeridan Beauty Vurderbiet compres . This grant this request herea does not include 2014 We thank muy Frank for one tur key , me awal - good cake, two chreeand that is me the sa time to let my young endy ente capea (me) jax of chicken agin Contrains self Regulat two battles of lines Very jons of butter, two login runderices. A ale. out think you are in exceptions to Respect willy Bothisms House. this rule . mus





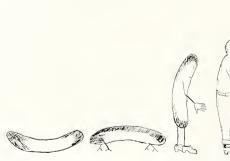


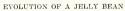






EVOLUTION OF A BUNNY











CORINTHIAN CLUB



SUBIL LOEWENAERS



ELDISE KNOX ATHLETIC ***
ASSOCIATION

OLYMPIAN CLUB



LAURA DAVIS TREASURER



BECKWITH BARRY SECRETARY



MABLE ROBERTA BROWN



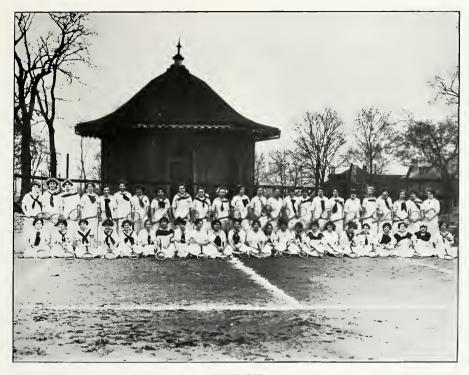
ETHEL HADGLEY



ZETTA E. JONES TREASURER



ESTHER BASKETT



TENNIS CLUB



Corinthian Basket-Ball Team

ELOISE KNOX LEE EDDA CAMPBELL MARY NESBIT ELIZABETH MCDONALD MABLE ROBERTA BROWN ETHEL BADGLEY
MARGARET FULLER



Olympian Basket-Ball Team

NANCEY LOUISE OLIVER ALICE COOLEDGE BECKWITH BAIRD

MARY GUNTER

ESTHER BASKETT BERNICE JAENKE



Swimming Club

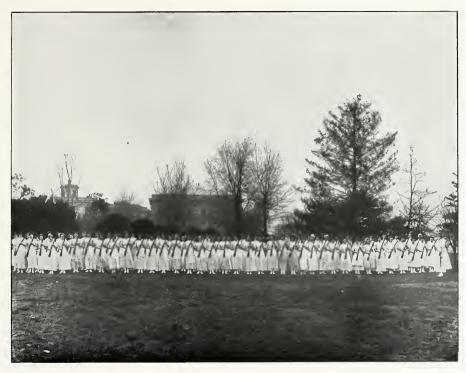
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MILITARY DRILL



WILLOW WANDS



INDIAN CLUBS



HOCKEY CLUB

FHCA







Mattie Mann__

Y. W. C. A.

. .

Moito: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly"

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Stella Hayes
Pauline Atterbury
Della Clayton
Mary Street
Mary Grinter Assistant Treasurer
Devotional Committee Stella Haves, Chairman
Missionary Committee Mary B. Jennings, Chairman
Finance Committee Mary Street. Chairmau
Poster Committee Elsie Young, Chairman
Membership Committee Jean Boyd, Chairman
Bible Study Committee
Intercollegiate Committee
Room Committee
Music Committee
Social Committee

Mission Study classes meet different evenings throughout the week Regular devotional meetings each Wednesday evening at 6:40 Bihle classes studying "What Manner of Man is This?" Regular Bible hour on Sunday evening at 6:00 Bible Leaders' meeting Friday evening 6:40 Mission classes studying various fields



Y. W. C. A. CABINET

Self-Regulating Roll

OFFICERS

				L L I														
SYBIL LOEWENBERG																	Presid	ent
MILLICENT ELSTON	 												Vi	ice	Pres	iden	t	
Mable Roberta Brow																		
Agnes Smith										Tre	ası	irer						

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Publications

Milady.
in
Brown

Blue and Bronze

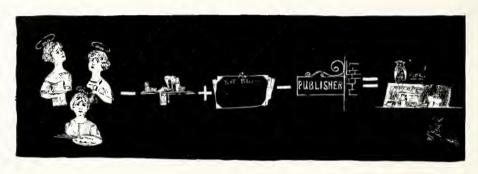




BLUE AND BRONZE

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Miss Christine Taylor	1911
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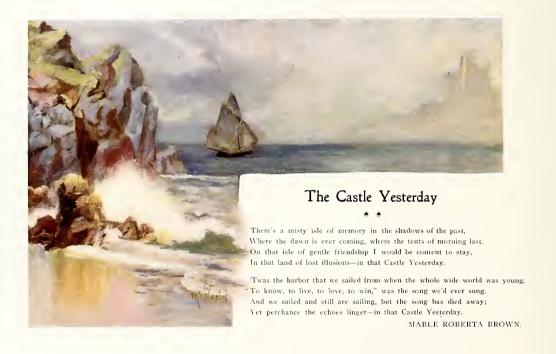


We pray you, look coldly not down on this book,
On all of the pages and in each little nook,
Searching for faults and for things that are wrong,
In the stories, the jokes, in the poetry and song.
Remember but this when you feel you're offended—
And we're positive that all things will surely be mendedThat minds inexperienced (we hope you don't frown)
Have written for you this Milady in Brown.

A. G









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Our knowledge of the art and science of Photography develops all the best points of each subject



(Over Skalowski's)



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We feel that we alone have not been building this business, but that our friends and patrons, the entire community around this center *y* Nashville, have had a mutual hand in it. For this reason we invite you to join us in the celebration *y* our anniversary—the fiftieth milestone in our journey.





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WE LAUNDER ALL THINGS WELL

ארות מינו אינה לא המועלים לא מינו אינה לא המועלים לא המועלים לא המועלים לא המועלים לא המועלים לא המועלים לא המ המועל אינה לא המועלים באוני או לא המועלים ל

Not How Cheap, But How Good

Our Dry-Cleaning Department takes care of not only your plain clothes, but your opera cloaks and fine evening dresses

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Love for music is universal! It knows no class, no creed.

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Are made to coincide with the demands and wants of the people. KIMBALL Concert GRAND PIANOS express the highest ideals of the concert stage.

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Belmont College Uses Kimball Pianos Exclusively

The Kimball, either grand or upright, affords excellent choice in design, wood, and finish.

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I make a specialty of historical and educational pictures—select only the very best of the world's greatest productions.

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Present you with a New Program every day

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NASHVILLE'S NEWEST, HAND-SOMEST, AND BEST-EQUIPPED

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Both the Crystal and the Rex are under my personal supervision, which assures you clean, wholesome productions and the very best of care and attention while attending either one of these houses.

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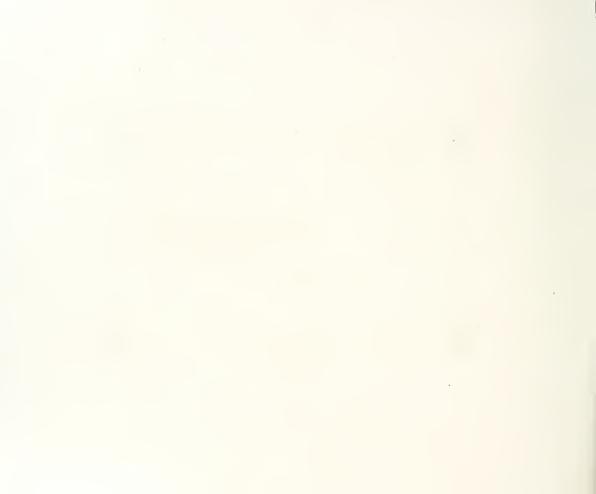
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HUGGINS CANDY COMPANY

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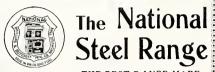
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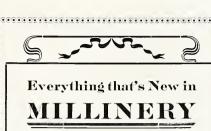
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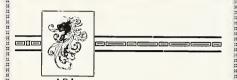
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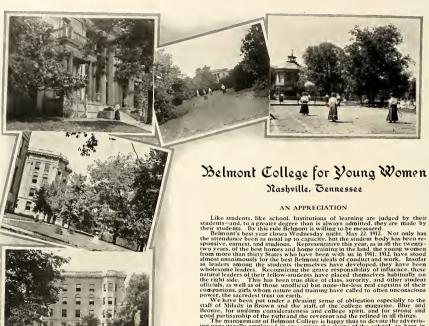
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